

**POOLS: £216,000 WON BY READERS THIS SEASON**

# Tet-Bits

No. 3411. Week ending 24th March, 1951

**3<sup>D</sup>.**  
EVERY TUESDAY

## 25 Per Cent. NATIONAL SERVICE MEN HAVE 10-YEAR-OLD MENTALITY

**A** YOUNG man lost his driving licence after he had told the magistrates that he failed to stop at a "halt" sign because he could not read and did not know what it meant. When he again appeared in court, to ask for the ban to be lifted, he said he still could not read but had in the meantime learned all the road signs by heart.

That did not happen in some remote part of the world where educational facilities are non-existent—but in Britain within the last few months!

An inquiry was held recently to find out how much listeners to B.B.C. programmes actually learned from the talks they hear. The talk used as a test case was one about the fallacy of imagining that, because two events happen roughly simultaneously, one must have caused the other. This is what it meant to one listener. It may seem hard to believe, but we print it just as it was written:

"THE MAIN PART OF THIS BROADCAST WAS ABOUT STUPIDITY. OTHER WAS SMALL TALKS (actually it was "Smallpox!") ON VACCINATIONS AND ABOUT TWO MEN TALKING OUT ONE MAN WALKING UNDER A LADDER THEN THE NEXT DAY BEING IN HOSPITAL."

A similar test conducted by a professor of educational psychology revealed that less than half the people who listen to the simplest educational broadcasts, such as the Light Programme ones for the Forces, derive any knowledge from them.

Finally, about one-quarter of the men called up for national service prove that they have only a badly retarded elementary education approximately equal to that of a normal ten year old. A much smaller number—something in the region of three per cent.—are quite incapable of writing a letter to their people at home without help, and have certainly never read a book, seldom a newspaper. And these youngsters, remember, have grown up since the end of the war.

How then, in a country where an elementary education is available to every child—and further study to the brighter ones—absolutely free of charge, is it possible that thousands of boys and girls can leave school unable to read and write?

The blame must lie squarely at the door of an educational system that holds out big promises to the nation's youth—and fails to keep those promises because it lacks the tools to do the job.

The raising of the school-leaving age was an excellent and long-overdue reform. But how many fifteen-year-olds have so far derived any real benefit from their extra months of schooling? The school buildings—many (Please turn to Page 16)

← **GENTLEMEN NOW PREFER  
STATUESQUE BRUNETTES**

(See Page 10)

### WINNING FORM

**"Persimmon" Over  
40 Points Up in  
Seven Weeks**

**Most Reliable Solutions  
for £3,475 Crosswords**

**THE CRY  
GOES UP:**

**SACK THE MANAGERS!**

**By IVOR BROADIS  
(Sunderland)**

# WEDDING RINGS FOR HUSBANDS?

## Letters to the Editor

MY husband swears he'd rather wear a ring through his nose than a wedding band on the third finger. Why have Englishmen such a dislike to being labelled married? In the States more and more weddings are double ring ceremonies. It must give the bride and wife a nice sense of pride and "belonging" to see the gold band on his finger. Then think what a service for single girls. At a glance they could put him on their mental file cards as not for speculation.

(Mr.) Christine Randall, Barry-Les,  
70, Albert Rd., Bealey, Kent.

## RAILWAY PAY ROLL

HAVE British Railways reduced their pay roll as a result of the recent colossal cuts in train services which must have resulted in hundreds of redundant workers? Or are their wages being added to the vast losses the taxpayer has to meet?

C. W. Ditton, Princes St., Edinburgh

## LET'S BE FAIR

WITH reference to the letter "Man at Work," Mr. Reid is evidently not an ex-railwayman or he would not say the photograph proves that the dozen or so men were just standing about men with nothing to do. They were evidently a re-laying gang and were at that time waiting until that workman had done his particular job

before they could go any farther. Another point to remember is that those rails are, possibly, 60 feet long, weighing anything from a ton, and to handle these takes quite a few men.

S. S. Smith (signman),  
105, Bedford Rd., Chingford

## GHOST TRAIN

BHIST RAILWAYS have done a few queer things but surely one of the most nonsensical was the case of the train from Northwich to Manchester that was "cut" for passengers as a result of the coal economy drive although it continued to run at the same time, quite empty, in order to become a train from Manchester to Northwich later in the evening.

David Reid, 54, Dudley Rd., Whalley Range, Manchester

## MONSTER MEALS?

WITH reference to the TIT-BITS article, "Do These Monsters Exist To-day?" and the news that a party of scientists are setting out to investigate the riddle of sea serpents, I'm sure our enterprising Food Minister will follow the progress of this expedition with interest.

After introducing whale, moose, reindeer, etc., to our larders, it may be that the Ministry is now ruminating upon the potential edible qualities of the Loch Ness Monster.

Daniel Poulton, 526, Turnhurst Rd.,  
Pocklington, York-on-Trent.

## HUNGRY VISITORS?

I AM left wondering whether all the overseas visitors who are expected for the forthcoming Festival of Britain will materialize. Will they choose to holiday in a country where good food is scarce and fuel short? They may feel they are depriving the natives of their share.

If the Festival sponsors really mean to attract mammoth crowds, they will have to re-organize the existing catering arrangements. Visitors on holiday expect to be well fed.

E. Gatten, South Shore, Blackpool

## SHOPKEEPER'S FINES

WITH reference to the article "Shopkeeper's 600 Fines," I was a personal friend of the late Mr. Jacob Popp. People came forty miles to buy something from the chap who defied authority! I believe the end of the summertime came when a lawyer discovered that if the fine was not paid the culprit should be put in the stocks,

and this Popp demanded. Until he opened the shop at High Wycombe he was one of Cook's tourist guides.

O. Stevens, 6, Garden Lea, Uxworth.

## SILVER PAPER

HAVING a quantity of good clean silver paper I was wondering if, through the columns of your most popular magazine, any reader could let me know of any charity or institution who could put this to some useful purpose.

E. H. Bush, 7, George St., Whitley

## "A" FILM AGE

A BOY of fifteen is considered a fit both physically and mentally to go to work, but is considered so much in need of control that an adult has to accompany him to an "A" film. I therefore think that either the age should be brought down to fifteen or the school age made sixteen, as this escort business is embarrassing to the young worker.

J. Roddy, 36, Green Lane, Worcester Pk.

## EQUALITY WANTED

A FRIEND in an administrative post burned much midnight oil in connection with his work and eventually had a nervous breakdown. For several



"We're a bit low on fuel next door, so could I leave a couple of puddings to steam?"

months he was in a centre specializing in the treatment of mental diseases. Now he is back at his job again, but is compelled to work with caution lest the trouble should recur.

Had he been a manual worker he would have (a) received overtime pay for the additional hours worked, (b) been paid compensation for contracting an "industrial disease."

Is it not time that mental efforts and mental injuries were put on a similar basis to those physical ones? (Mrs.) L. T. Surrey

## THE GOOD EARTH

YOUR correspondent, Mr. J. Thornton-Br, who objects to the amount of soil he gets when he buys potatoes. There is another side to the matter. The grower is sorry to see the soil leave his land, attached to potatoes, vehicle workers' boots, etc. In some cases he is compelled to work with a very thin layer of soil, and many tons of potatoes and many vehicles can remove much soil. In very wet weather the amount is multiplied several times over.

E. W. Cox, 139, Urmilroy Rd., Cleithorpes

## HARD WAY WINS

LESLIE COMPTON'S revelation in TIT-BITS that he waited seven years before he attained first-team status with Arsenal should be a lesson to many mediocre, modern players who insist on "First team or Transfer!"

Leslie, like brother Denis, is a gifted, natural ball player, yet his genius needed a long, hard apprenticeship before his prowess was rewarded.

Perhaps that is the secret of his greatness in soccer at 35 years of age, while the vain novices flit from club to club, and then fall into obscurity.

J. Gordon, 18, Ralston Rd., Clapton.

# HOW YOU FEEL TOMORROW

DEPENDS...  
A LOT ON  
TODAY



If you specially want to be at your best, take Beecham's Pills *last thing at night*. Next day you'll be clear-headed, bright-eyed. You'll be feeling great. In boxes, 1/6 & 4/6. Also in twists 3 for 3/6.

now available  
SMOOTH COATED

TAKE  
**Beecham's Pills**  
TONIGHT

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

# EMM & BEE

by GRAHAM







# LAUGHTER LINES

**C**ANNIBAL No. 1 was tearing out pictures of men and women from a magazine and eating them.

"Tell me," said Cannibal No. 2, "is that dehydrated stuff any good?"

★  
SEATED next to a famous astronomer at dinner was a 17-year-old girl student with a breezy manner. She asked him: "What do you do for a living?"

"I study astronomy," the great man told her.

"What? At your age?" exclaimed the girl.

"Why, I finished astronomy last year."

## NO EXPERT

**A** REVIVALIST went to conduct an Easter service in a town where he had never preached before. On alighting from the train he found in his pocket a letter he had forgotten to post. He hailed a boy standing by and asked: "Son, can you tell me where the post-office is?"

"Sure," said the boy, and he gave the preacher directions for reaching the post-office. The preacher thanked him, and asked: "Do you know who I am?"

"No," he answered.

"Well, I'm the preacher who is preaching here to-night. You come to the service, and I'll show you the way to Heaven."

"Gwan!" said the boy. "You don't even know the way to the post-office!"

**E**NTERING a hotel, a traveller ordered a whiskey and soda, and was about to drink it when he noticed a painter at work on a ladder.

Immediately he went out without touching the drink. The painter climbed down and lifted the customer's glass.

"Hi!" said the barman, "you can't do that! That chap will be back in a minute, I expect!"

"Oh, no, he won't," said the painter. "You see, he's president of our local temperance society, and I'm the secretary."

★  
A YOUNG farmer, interested in the principles of mechanization, advertised for a wife.

In due course a young woman replied, indicating that, being a farmer's daughter, she was well qualified for the position, adding as a further inducement that her father had promised her a tractor as a dowry.

Back came a telegram from the young farmer: "Please send me photograph of tractor."



Ted Key

"I repeat, do you..."

**S**O Doris has gone back to live with her husband?  
"Yes; she couldn't bear to hear of him having such a good time."

★  
"STAND behind your lover, woman," shouted a Scotsman who found his wife in the arms of another man. "I'm going to shoot you both!"

★  
A VERY talkative woman buttonholed an angler who was minding his own business and said: "Aren't you ashamed of your self? A big fellow like you might be better occupied than in cruelly catching poor little fish."

"Maybe you're right," said the angler, "but if this fish had kept his mouth shut he wouldn't be here."

★  
THE teacher had some clerical work to do, so she placed her hat in front of the class of six-year-olds and said: "Now, children, I want you to look at my hat, and write some nice little sentences about it."

The children set to work, and were silent for quite five minutes. Then a face appeared at the teacher's desk, and Edward's voice was heard: "Please, miss, are there two 'b's' in 'shabby'?"

## ROBBERY

**T**WO Scots were mountain-eering, when one of them slipped and fell into a crevasse. The other, peering over the edge, saw his companion holding on by his finger-nails.

"Are ye a' richt, Macpherson?" he shouted.  
"No!" exactly that," said the other, "but if ye run down to the village an' get a rope I'll try to hang on till ye come back. Hurry, for Heaven's sake!"

This companion disappeared and was gone nearly an hour. Suddenly his face appeared again over the edge of the cliff.

"Are ye still there, Macpherson?" he called down.

"Aye," in a low, weary tone. "Have ye got the rope?"

"No, indeed. The scallywags in the village wanted two pounds for it."

## JENNIFER'S MOTHER & PETT.



# LOVED SIBLINGS —SO MARRIED THE IT!

"MARRY me!" pleaded Martin Milligan. "Let's get spliced!" said Stephen Milligan. "No, marry me!" urged Tony Milligan.

The recent Fitzwilliam case put an amazing marriage tangle before the Courts, but it was nothing compared with the loveless situation of Ohio's six Milligan brothers.

Pretty Betty Henson couldn't make up her mind. "It's no use, boys," she announced, when they had all wooed but not won her. "I've tried to sum you all up—and I love the lot of you even more than before."

Were six men and a woman ever in a greater quandary? The six all fancied their chances. None would drop out. The result was the craziest matrimonial scheme ever launched.

"I know what I'll do," Betty announced. "I'll marry you all!"

## Refused to "Desert" Her

The suggestion was sensational, but it had possibilities. The boys threw dice to decide their turn. Solemnly all six entered into an agreement that each should marry Betty for two years and then permit her a divorce under the desertion laws unless she had meanwhile made up her mind.

The pact seemed foolproof, but when Betty married Steve everyone thought the battle was over. He would surely be able to win her allegiance in two years.

After eighteen months Betty started

everyone by declaring Steve wouldn't do. Stoutly, Steve refused to "desert" her until his period of husbandhood was up. He kept his vow when the time came. Betty married Andrew. Another two years went by, and still she couldn't decide.

Paul lasted two years. Ex-husband Steve married again, narrowing Betty's choice, and then it became Harry's turn. Eventually, when Martin relinquished the lady to his twin brother, Tony, the tussle reached a climax. Finally, Tony's term was ended, and Betty was still irresolute. "It's either Martin or Tony," she confessed, "but I can't decide which!"

That settled it. "I'm as good as he is in every way," said Tony of his brother. "We're married, and we're going to stay married," he declared, angrily. "I've made a fool of myself long enough moping around a woman. Now you're going to mope around me!"

"That's what he said," delighted Betty confessed to news reporters. "If only the others had proved as stern and strong..."

HERE  
COME  
THE  
BOGEY  
MEN!



The port of Lerwick, in the Shetlands, recently celebrated an annual festival that links its population with the old Viking raiders. No true Shetlander lays any claim to be a Scot. Their traditions are legacies of the Scandinavian freebooters and the fleet of Ulf-Holly-Aa is a direct link with the celebration with which the Vikings greeted the end of their winter rest and a new trip to sea. About 700 torch-bearers, or Guisers, dressed in Viking uniforms, and some attired to represent "Ghosts," the title of one of the great Norwegian dramatist's most controversial plays, escorted a model of an old galley through the streets. The galley was taken to open ground and burned as the Guisers performed a pagan-style dance around it.

## Good News for Flat-Dwellers And Now— THE NOISELESS PIANO!

IT had to come—the silent piano. A Johannesburg man, Louis Gertenbach, has invented it. And he is being swamped with applications from parents who see in his invention a chance of peace in the home at last.

Gertenbach is already turning out numbers of silent pianos. He makes them by fixing aluminium strips behind the piano strings to pick up vibrations. He screens off the sounding board and pads the front to make it noiseless.

From the strips he leads wires to a radio set. The vibrations are translated into music. So now little Willie can practise the piano without disturbing anyone, but mother can switch on every now and then to make sure that he is playing.

## DOUBLE PAY For BIRTHDAYS

A LARGE chemical firm in Connecticut and the local branch of an American chemical workers' union have just negotiated what must be the world's first birthday and anniversary wages plan.

If a man works on his birthday he gets double pay for that day. Also, at the end of each year a worker gets 10 dollars for each anniversary of his service with the firm. If it's the fifth year he has been working there, he gets a cheque for fifty dollars; the following year his cheque will be sixty dollars. The union dropped claims for a rise in rate per hour and took these offers instead.

For the time being, everybody concerned is satisfied. One snag from the worker's point of view is that there's no double pay for a birthday if it falls on a Sunday or public holiday. Just another form of loss for the poor chap whose birthday is December 25th!

## MISSING BOOKS WORTH FORTUNES

DISCOVERY of a copy of the Gutenberg Bible which had been "lost" since 1824, increases to 46 the number of Gutenberg Bibles known to have survived through the centuries. The discovery of the latest was made in a private English library, and the volume is now in the possession of a firm of American publishers, who are reported to have paid "substantially more than \$37,850" for it.

Later this year the owners are expected to offer it for sale at a price considerably above the highest ever paid for a printed book. This was the \$54,000 paid at a New York auction in 1947 for the famous Bay Psalm Book.

The rediscovered Gutenberg is a magnificent copy, although it lacks five of the Bible's 645 pages. It may well fetch \$60,000 or more. It is the first substantially complete Gutenberg Bible found in this century and the thirteenth to find its way to the United States. Nine of these precious Bibles are known to be in Britain.

Nobody knows how many Bibles the

Immortal Johann Gutenberg printed 500 years ago. It is unlikely, however, that there were more than 250; some experts say only 180. One thing is certain, that somewhere in Britain to-day—perhaps in provincial lumber-rooms or attics—are other "lost" Gutenberg Bibles potentially worth fortunes.

Bibles are not the only "lost" items worth fortunes. An Italian milkman who plays the violin as a pastime took his violin, a shabby tarnished instrument, to a music store in Rome and asked the proprietor to "freshen it up." The proprietor noticed the beauty of the violin. "Be a little kinder," he said. "Yes, but you should hear its tone." He played it in the shop—and passers-by stopped to listen, entranced by what they heard.

## Bought for a Song

The milkman, Camillo Germi, asked an expert to examine the violin. It proved to be one of the 600 made by the immortal Antonio Stradivari. Its market value is at least \$3,000; some Stradivarius violins fetch \$25,000. The famous violinist Kubelik paid \$10,000 for his.

Germi stated that he acquired the violin for 25s. in a second-hand music dealer's shop in Stalino, Russia, some years ago. How annoyed that Russian dealer must have been if he knew what a prize slipped through his hands that day!

An authority on Stradivarius violins has declared that for every hundred specimens claimed to come from the master-hand, it would be safe to reject ninety-nine as spurious. There is no doubt about the authenticity of the one owned by the lucky Rome milkman.



Gutenberg: If you have one of his Bibles it's worth \$60,000!

Identical twins, Harrietta and Loretta, of Detroit, have both married twice, both obtained divorces, both been widowed and now—at 60 both are in the same hospital room after operations on the same eye by the same surgeon.



# ARE YOU A LIAR?

## 97 OUT OF EVERY 100 PEOPLE ARE

ARTHUR JOHNSON and his wife were out driving one Saturday when they bumped into Fred Miller, an old school friend. After the usual exchanges of: "How have you been?" "I haven't seen you since..." they began bringing one another up to date on life histories.

"I'm in advertising," Fred volunteered. "Been with my firm for eight years, planning all our national campaigns. I expect to get a partnership in a year or so."

"Advertising is a good field to get into," Arthur murmured quietly, thinking of his own modest income as a librarian.

"It certainly is!" Fred agreed enthusiastically. "I'm making \$3,000 a year already—and there's no limit for the future."

Several days later during a chance conversation with an advertising friend, Arthur learned some illuminating facts. His friend knew Fred. "Miller writes copy for a small advertising company," he said. "Two years ago he was a proof-reader in a publishing house."

Arthur was shocked by his former school-chum's "whopper," but he shouldn't have been. Chances are he himself at one time or other passed along a tale just as tall, perhaps taller. If he hadn't, he's unusual. According to the latest findings, ninety-seven out of every hundred people tell lies occasionally, some more regularly. In fact, Dr. Leonarde Keeler, inventor of the Keeler polygraph or lie-detector, concludes from his testing of more than 25,000 subjects that people are far from being basically honest.

Naturally, folk vary as to what kind of lies they tell, when they tell them, and how often. Doctors of Yale University, who spent four years studying the lying habits of 11,000 subjects, broke them down into specific categories. Very intelligent people, they discovered, lie less frequently than those who are average or slightly above. But the most truthful, strangely enough, are the mentally retarded. Apparently, the slow-witted stick more closely to the truth because they haven't the imagination to spin a yarn!

Men and women tell about an equal number of lies, though women, according to a well-known criminologist, are much more adept at dressing up the truth. "They have a greater facility for making their lies sound believable," he maintains. "They're loyal to a lie once it's told and will stick to it tenaciously even after the evidence has given them away."

Everyone, of course, will tell a fib for the sake of politeness. Unless you want to be known as a social boor, you'll call your local motorist's "interesting," your boss's opinion "sound," and your cousin's dress "attractive." These are benign falsehoods, most of us don't stop there. We go on to what is called the aggressive lie designed to bolster prestige.

### A Woman and Her Age

This is the type Fred Miller told his friend, and no psychologist would be providing a surprise to hear it. It's only natural, authorities say, for a man to exaggerate his business success in order to build up his own ego. Since a woman has vastly different ego-builders, she lies about different things—her home, the price of her clothes, her children's achievements at school, the number of adoring young men who courted her when she was single. And, of course, she takes any opportunity to flaunt her 5 question of reporting her age!



Men, on the other hand, are notorious at handing out whoppers when it comes to describing the one that got away, discussing a day's golf—or telling envious friends what the new car will do, flat out.

But when it comes to a genuine talent for misrepresentation, no adult can hold a candle to a young child. Unlike the adult, however, the youngster who invents fairy tales does it out of innocence. He does not grasp the highly abstract concept of truth and he can't distinguish accurately between what has happened in real life and what has happened in his imagination. So he lies spontaneously and without apparent reason. One little girl constantly invented stories that fascinated her friends and floored her family. After a series of reprimands that made no impression on her, she naively asked her mother: "Please tell me what the truth is, so I can tell it?"

### Forty People "Flopped"

Suggestibility plays a leading part in lying habits. In an experiment that showed this up, a picture was shown to forty men and women for a period of ten seconds. After the screen was darkened the observers were asked to tell what they had seen. Each one gave as complete a description as he could recall, and then the tester began asking questions. "What colour tie was the man in the centre wearing? What was the shape of his glasses? Every person was then able to give additional, though conflicting, information. It was quite a feat—for the man in the picture was wearing neither a tie nor glasses."

There are, of course, people who tell lies because they can't help themselves. Psychologists and criminologists have found that the members of this group have characteristic traits—they're generally great talkers, they have a tremendous aptitude for language, and they spin their stories with ease. Their lies fit none of the normal patterns, for they are told with no motive or purpose. PAULA PHILIPS



Lie detector tests (you see one in operation right) on 25,000 subjects proved that most people are far from being basically honest, and there's little to choose between men and women when it comes to telling tall tales



## WAR FLEET ATTACKS HARMLESS TRAWLERS

AT the moment an urgent sense of preparedness seems to be providing a straw of sanity among peace-loving nations. Preparedness can be a powerful deterrent to any would-be evil power toying with the idea of touching off the international powder keg; but it's a costly business, as our own arms bill shows.

To the U.S.A. it's an even greater financial undertaking. Quite recently new legislation was introduced in that country to authorize a new 2,000,000,000 dollar programme for the Navy which calls for the building of eighty or more new ships. Might to combat might, and a leveling up of power.

"Shall we" (Captain F. Hendry, O.B.E., M.C.), in his entertaining and lively book, "From The Log Book of Memory" (Blackwood, 12s. 6d.), recalls an account of a naval encounter in the North Sea where the odds were definitely very one-sided.

It concerns the Russian Fleet during the time of the Russo-Japanese War and depicts one of the most shameful disgraces in naval

history. In 1904, under the command of Admiral Rozhdestvensky, the fleet started its blundering voyage half-way round the world in an attempt to reach Vladivostok and thus attack the Russian Fleet already in the Far East.

### Russians Opened Fire

The armada reached the North Sea and was steaming south, at night, off the Dogger Bank, when it sighted a number of small vessels which, the author states, through sheer nervousness or by some extraordinary reasoning which ignored both intelligence and geography, the officers decided were Japanese torpedo-boats.

Steaming into battle, the Russians opened fire on the "enemy" and acquitted themselves well, hitting and sinking some of their adversaries. Their triumph was short-lived, for the vanquished "enemy" subsequently proved them to be no more formidable than inoffensive British fishing boats.

# BECAME MILLIONAIRE

"THIS is what your wife's complexion needs," said the doctor. "Asses' milk to drink three times a day. And asses' milk baths night and morning. . ."

"You're an ass!" said Peter Portman's friends, when he determined to make his wife the most beautiful woman in London. So many other men had similar ideas for their wives, however, that asses' milk was in short supply—and Peter Portman accordingly spent £2,000 on buying a farm where he could pasture his own asses.

To-day his descendant, the eighth Viscount Portman, has just sold a few acres of the farm for over £1,000,000. Yet there's still at least another £4,000,000 worth of land safely in hand. For the asses grazed—less than 200 years ago—on the lush meadows north of where bustling Oxford Street now stands. And recently a single business block of former Portman property sold for £1,000,000!

## Who Owns London?

Now estate valuers are once again probing the secrets of London land, the financial enigma of the 40,000 men with sizeable shares in the Metropolitan acreage. Who owns London? Fewer than twenty millionaires claim any considerable slice of the City or Central London.

The L.C.C. owns ten per cent. The Commissioners of Crown Lands control—on behalf of Johnny Taxpayer—the vast swathe of shops, theatres and other buildings from Broadcasting House to Big Ben.

In cash terms the next biggest landlord is the childless Duke of Westminster.

Nearly 350 years ago a Miss Davis married into his family, bringing with her as dowry a waterlogged farmstead valued at 4s. a year. As recently as 1825 your great-grandfather could still have rented the fields for next to nothing. The topsoil was soggy clay, regarded as useless for bulging purpuses.

Then it was discovered that a good gravel subsoil lay under-

*—Because Great-Great-Grandma*

# DRANK ASSES' MILK



neath. The clay was removed and converted into bricks. To raise the ground to a new level the earth excavated in the cutting of the St. Katherine Dock was loaded on barges and brought up the river. In this way the waterlogged land was transformed into Belgravia. When the Duke wanted ready

cash some years ago he sold eight acres of Millbank for a million. Yet half Mayfair, so to speak, is also his kitchen garden. No new building can be erected in lordly Park Lane without his permission. Recently he sold a 999-year lease of one side of Grosvenor Square to the American Government for a cool million.



WHEN LONDON LAND WAS CHEAP: The Mall in 1850. Bury Oxford Street to-day left; Here were lush meadows—only 200 years ago

Thirty-eight-year-old Lord Howard de Walden owns the physician's empire around Harley Street. His father sold 100 acres for some £7,000,000 and dedicated much of his wealth to aid struggling painters, poets and musicians.

A major part of artistic and literary Bloomsbury is similarly owned by the Duke of Bedford, whose doughty ancestor was given huge tracts of monastic land by Henry VIII. Not long ago a child saw the deer in Woburn Park and was told they belonged to Father Christmas. So he secretly wrote to Father Christmas, c/o Woburn Park, stating his Yuletide requirements. The electric trains and model-cars duly arrived.

Then there is Mr. Geoffrey Berners, a Berkshire farmer descended from a City merchant, who bought some farmland near what is now Tottenham Court Road. There is Mr. Charles Lee, a one-time draper's apprentice, who opened a tiny lace shop, gained the patronage of royalty, invested every penny he had in Central London properties, and is now worth about £1,500,000.

## Church as Landlord

Unobserved, the Church Commissioners have also been investing steadily and now own strips from Golden's Green to Brixton. Nominally, the Bishop of London also draws rents from 1,000 acres of Paddington. In reality, of course, the cash flows to church funds.

Unobserved is always changing hands. The impersonal trusts and shareholding companies are gradually squeezing out the old manorial owners—all except one. Back in the year 1627 a City alderman named Henry Smith left £1,000 for the support of his poor relatives and £1,000 for the relief of slaves.

After 100 years the funds were pooled and sunk into eighty acres of farmland around South Kensington.

The original investment is worth at least seven figures. Hundreds of poor Smith descendants have been helped and supported with enough left over for other charities and reinvestment. In fact, with few slaves and no death duties, a charity has great advantages over other institutions. Maybe in the year 2451 the Smiths will own London!

MARK PRIESTLEY 6

## SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT

## FLATTERER! AREN'T WE ALL?

THERE is hardly one of us who hasn't at some time had to resort to a bit of flattery. Usually it is to your wife when she is put out and you see an avalanche of anger about to descend upon your head. At others it is when you want to get round someone, possibly in the course of business.

I am neither teasing nor justifying it. If, when recourse is taken to such measures, the truth is kept in mind and we say what we know is right, it not only sounds convincing, but we realize that compliments (based on fact, mind you, not fancy) are of importance and should be paid where we want something or not. Why should we overlook the good in others except when we want to get something out of them?

But what is wrong, in my opinion, is the injudicious application of flattery, the paying of extravagant compliments that are in no way justified to reality.

For instance, a man I know has a way of saying: "Well, old chap, as you are my best friend . . . I wouldn't do it for anyone else. . . ." It makes me instantly suspicious and I begin to go over in my mind all sorts of recent episodes between us to check whether he has acted as a true friend always.

And, if I discover, as I often do, that he has not bothered to see me for weeks, and it may even be for

months, that he did not invite me to his son's christening or think me over a piece of business that was right up my street, I am apt (as you would be, too, of course) to sense the insincerity of his words and to harden immediately against him.

Ultimately, we are all judged not by our words but by our actions. We may get away for the time being with some smooth sayings that sound very pleasing; but, after a while, the truth is bound to emerge, for we are often off our guard and falseness cannot be maintained indefinitely.

Then comes the retribution, and we are treated with indifference and at times even with hostility, because the other feels that he or she has been taken in. Try how we will it is not easy to talk oneself back into favour. The other may never give us the chance.

So pay compliments by all means. It makes relations so much more pleasant between husband and wife, between parents and children, between friends. But, for Heaven's sake, keep to the facts. And pay your compliments in the ordinary course of life and not only when it is of advantage to you to do so.

Think, for a change, of the advantage to the other fellow. That is the real basis upon which we can win enduring regard and respect. FRANKLIN DWYER



# Blonde Fire-Eater WAS ARMY DESERTER

"I'VE come for your death certificate," said the policeman who knocked at Charles C—s door. Corporal in the R.A.F. police, Charles looked astonished and then learned that his mother had burned all his papers and informed his commanding officer he was dead.

He was sentenced to twelve months for desertion.

Private H— disappeared from his unit and vanished for four years . . . even though thousands of people were watching him. Meanwhile, glamorous Donna H— was touring the music halls as Britain's only girl illusionist and fire-eater. Audiences gazed enthralled as the luscious blonde ate flaming torches.

No one suspected that the beautiful Donna was a man. When the police called, Private H— was still in his nyons!

These are but two of the

stories that can now be disclosed from the police records of Britain's strangest man-hunt, the annals of the phantom army of deserters. Young conscripts and others are still deserting at the rate of 2,400 a year. At its peak the vanished army mustered 20,000 men.

Not all were cowards. One man deserted to the front line rather than serve at base and was charged with "wifely and maliciously seeking to play the King's enemies without the King's permission."

## Treked 8,000 Miles

Recalcitrants, bad hats, fugitives, whatever one may think of them, here indeed are strange

sidelights on the follies and oddities of human nature. One man served three prison sentences for desertion under different names, pretended to be his own cousin—and lived with the cousin's wife. Equally startling, a young soldier escaped from a Singapore jail where he was serving a sentence for robbery, and trekked 8,000 miles home to his mother in South Wales. It was a year before the police nabbed him.

Joe B—, too, wanted peace and quiet rather than life in the R.A.S.C. When he deserted, the police called at his home every day. Once a police-inspector sat on a chair by the fire for a chat and a cup of tea. Joe was hiding within a yard or two of his elbow.

Joe's little flat in London's East-end seemed to have only two rooms. In reality, the door of a third room nine feet by six—was concealed behind a wardrobe. Joe lived there for nine months. Until one day the police moved the wardrobe—and was Joe's fate red!

## Became Royal Chef

How do deserters live? An absentee from the Navy became a royal chef at Buckingham Palace and helped to prepare Princess Elizabeth's wedding breakfast. So extraordinary that his case was mentioned in Parliament, one man turned jewel-thief and was reputed to have stolen £250,000 of jewels while actually living next door to a police-inspector. Yet when he was arrested, the only civilian charge that could be brought against him was the use of a false identity card.

One deserter stole a small yacht at the North African port and sailed 1,500 miles to Britain. He liked war-time austerity life so little that the authorities got wind of him at London Airport where he was asking for details of an air passage back to Africa.

The fact remains that most

deserters, though technically unlawful, lead honest and useful lives, never knowing when the police may knock at their door. Aircraftman William H— was listed as a R.A.F. absentee for twenty-five years. He had almost forgotten about it when the police called at his home.

This isn't a record. Not long ago a conscience-stricken old gentleman of eighty walked into a guardroom of the East York-shires and confessed that he had deserted from the regiment in Jamaica in 1868. It took the Records Office two months to find his papers and prove he had been on the run for sixty years!

The date raised an awkward military point, for Queen Victoria's Jubilee amnesty to deserters dated from 1887. The old man had missed his free pardon by a year. In due course, however, higher authorities decreed that drummer Walter C— was "no longer required for Army service, and he now qualifies for an old-age pension. There's hope for to-day's deserters—in the year A.D. 2000.

—WEBSTER BOWETT



# BOAT RACE COSTS THREE POUNDS A STROKE

FROM Putney to Mortlake is four miles, one furlong and 154 yards. It takes the Oxford and Cambridge crews about 620 strokes to cover it—and every stroke costs three pounds!

The annual race provides what is probably the greatest free sporting spectacle in the world. Between one and two million people line the banks for a "grandstand" view and only a fraction pay anything. A few hundred half-guinea launch tickets are sold, a few thousands pay for admission to enclosures or for seats on moored boats, but for ninety-nine out of a hundred it's a buckshee show.

## Double Pre-war Price

For the eighteen men who provide the spectacle, however, the race is by no means free. The total cost to them is something over £3,000—about double what it was pre-war. Even this does not cover many of the items of indirect expenditure a Blue has to meet.

Biggest single item is the new boat. Of cedar, mahogany, sycamore and pine, it's a 63-foot triumph of the builder's craft and cheap by modern standards at £300. A good slice of that is purchase tax, and before 1914 the same famous builders produced a similar boat for £60. Between the wars the cost was about £120.

Before the economic crisis of 1933, the only occasion on which the same boat was used more than once was in 1902. Each

boat is virtually "made to measure" for the crew concerned. Oars work out at £3 each compared with £2 10s. before the war. Traditionally, a Blue keeps the oar he uses in the race.

Heaviest item of personal expenditure can be clothing, which must easily set a Blue back £100 to-day. Food can be a heavy cost. Normal rations are not enough, and crews keep up their weights by buying extra meals.

## Beer is Rationed

Often parcels of food are received from overseas and shared out; and in 1948 Cambridge bought a cow to provide the milk they needed. Perhaps what is spent on food is saved on smoking and drinking—beer is strictly rationed but a very occasional bottle of champagne as a tonic is almost a tradition.

The Oxford and Cambridge race is probably the most truly amateur event in the world. Even the rules are more a matter of gentleman's agreement than anything else.

No Blue is excused studies. The days when one who got behind in his work was "helped" through his examinations have gone.

But if the Boat Race is costly to the crews, it brings a considerable profit to many. Business done by hawkers of favours and programmes, pubs and transport probably totals well over £1,000,000!

J. M. M.



POISON pen letters descend suddenly on a small town, persecuting several prominent people, causing suspicion and a tragic suicide. But the "thirteenth letter" fails to reach its destination. It is found by the police, soaked in the blood of its author, whose throat has been viciously slashed.

Starting next week, and exclusive to TIT-BITS, The Thirteenth Letter—Twentieth Century-Fox's dramatic new film starring Charles Boyer, Linda Darnell, Constance Smith and Michael Rennie—reveals vividly the havoc a poisoned pen can wreak on a peaceful community, creating suspicion and hate, jealous passion . . . and tragedy.

This is an exciting—and romantic—story you cannot afford to miss.



"You won't have to come here any more — my husband arranged something with a long piece of wire and the street lamp"

# THE PARTNER

A Complete Story  
By DONALD SHOUBRIDGE

**I**t took a lot of trust for Charlie Buxton to tackle that last job. If he hadn't been certain, five hundred per cent, certain, that Jarvis was a stayer. . . .

He was telling himself just that under his breath as he stroiled into Tardolet's, the Bond Street jeweller, that morning. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Pete Jarvis, already there. Ten yards away on the same thick-piled carpet, looking every inch and pound a middle-aged gent up from the country to buy his wife's silver wedding present.

And not a soul in Tardolet's had a glimmer of an idea that London's most successful partnership in the smash-and-grab racket was at work. Buxton and Jarvis, a pair of names that could have been as famous as Hobbs and Sutcliffe, Gilbert and Sullivan. But they were too successful for publicity. Sometimes the Yard got a line on Buxton, sometimes on Jarvis; but never on Buxton and Jarvis.

An assistant slithered up to Charlie Buxton. "Guess I'll just look around awhile," said Charlie. He did look around—just in time to see Jarvis, who was running back into the Tardolet offices to unravel some distant imaginary transaction. He was looking half testy, half bored—just as if he really had expected Tardolet's to remember at once the purchase of some ear-rings back in 1938.

Now for the signal. The sign from Jarvis that no one was actually looking at that moment. The cue to act.

It came—a harsh double-cough—and he rushed at the cabinet where Tardolet's kept its best stuff, swung his stick and shattered the glass. Then he grabbed a diamond necklace and dashed for the door.

The next thing he knew he was flat on the carpet. Pinned down by twelve stone of court gentleman, while the male staff of Tardolet's rushed in from all directions. Already the alarm bell outside was galvanizing Bond Street into action.

Three Tardolet assistants grabbed different strategic parts of Charlie's anatomy so that Jarvis could remove himself.

"Well, it's a fair cop," spluttered Charlie. "All right, I got no gun!" He jerked his head towards the necklace that had fallen from his hand in the struggle. "That's what you want, isn't it? Why don't you keep things like that, in safes? Not tempting fools to pinch 'em!"

The arrival of two policemen put a cruder edge on Charlie's tongue. They took him off into the rear of the Tardolet palace.

As he passed Pete Jarvis he grunted: "I'll remember your ruddy face, mate!" Pete turned his back, bored and contemptuous. Real County! Charlie didn't know it; but it was the last time he would ever admire his partner in crime.

With Charlie and the police out of sight Pete tackled an assistant. "Well, you won't want me any more."

"You'll be needed as a witness, sir—"

"You've got my name, Waters, Major Waters, The Glebe, Ashbury. Collar your crooks for you but I can't give you all my time as well. Here you go, take it away. If I'm wanted, well, that's where to find me."

It wasn't until several hours later that Tardolet's found the necklace was a fake, and that there was no such place as The Glebe, Ashbury. Nor could they trace a Major Waters. Tardolet's realized that the struggle had been as faked as the necklace. The simple means of exchanging the real one that Charlie had grabbed. And "Major Waters" had been allowed to stroll out into Bond Street with nine thousand pounds worth of diamonds in his pocket.

Charlie got three years for coming he stuck to his story that he'd never seen the other man before in his life. "Accomplice? He's the man you were looking for. Not me. He took it. I only tried to!"

Charlie was released two years and forty days later, having been a model prisoner. He hadn't minded. They'd tossed up who'd carry the can. Two-thirds for the man who did time, one-third for the man who walked off.

But two years and forty days inside was nothing to finding out the Pete Jarvis had disappeared! Charlie tried every one of their old haunts. It stuck out a mile. Pete had double-crossed him, gone off a few months after the trial and left no forwarding address.

Charlie Buxton turned sour. Combining the West-end day after day for traces of Pete, drinking to desperation night after night. Just let him get his fingers round Pete's neck! Buxton and Jarvis! Now it was Buxton versus Jarvis!

A Soho waiter gave him a clue after ten months of man-hunting. Back in 1949 the waiter thought he'd seen Jarvis in Brighton. Charlie transferred his man-hunt there, and inside a week he'd

Charlie Buxton swung at the glass of the cabinet with his stick and grabbed the diamond necklace



traced the other. The fool hadn't even changed his name. There it was in the directory in the library. F. Jarvis, Dunromin, Copse View, Shawhead.

**A** WET stormy night couldn't have suited better. The only light at Dunromin was at the front. Getting in through the back french windows was easy to Charlie Buxton. His torch flashed on the same sporting prints Pete had had in the old Irish Street flat, and he smiled happily, pulled out a gun and walked boldly into the front room.

It was Pete all right, sitting in a chair by the fire. "Well, Pete, you didn't reckon I'd ever find your funk-hole, eh?"

"Why—Charlie—"

"You dirty double-crossing rat. By Heaven, if you knew what it means to clench up with you, lost!"

"Sit down, Charlie. There's no need to wave that gun about."

"And be double-crossed twice? Cut out the soft soap, Pete. Remember Tardolet's?"

"I haven't forgotten, Charlie."

"Just me you forgot, eh?"

"I'm not the same man, Charlie, I've changed. A lot's happened since—"

"Since I went inside? Yes, Pete, a lot has happened. There was a diamond necklace. What about my two-thirds share?"

"I didn't sell it. I sent it back to Tardolet's."

"And you expect me to swallow that?"

"No, Charlie, not in your present mood. You see, my health altered. It made me start seeing things—well, differently, Charlie. I don't expect you to understand me

but at least try to believe me. I've reformed."

"Except for double-crossing. I'll say you're reformed. What about me when I came out?"

"I knew you'd be difficult—"

"Difficult!"

"Yes, Charlie, too difficult for me to deal with—as I am these days." Jarvis smiled thinly. "Look, Charlie, you're a fit man still. You could get work, earn an honest living. I can help you with a few pounds, tide you over—"

Charlie Buxton's whole body quivered with rage. "You blasted double-crossing hypocrite! A few pounds to tide me over! Just get this straight—nobody knows I've come here tonight and nobody's going to see me get away."

"I've told the truth. I've changed—"

"Well, I'm just the same. Still in the business! And you're getting a dirty sort of business." Charlie pulled a length of cord out from underneath his coat. "Thought the



least I'd have to do was tie you up. Your fun-hole's made you soft. Was a time when even a gun wouldn't have kept you sitting in a chair."

"Not soft, Charlie. Different. You don't understand—"

"Don't I, Pete?" Charlie looped one end of the thick cord with a slip-knot. His eyes gleamed. . . .

**TWENTY** minutes later he slipped quietly out of "Dunromin." Partnership dissolved! With Jarvis hanging from the water-pipe that ran along the kitchen-ceiling. A chair on its side below Jarvis's dangling feet. Just where he would have kicked it away if he'd stood on it with a slip-knot round his neck.

It was a shock for Charlie when two "dicks" picked him up a couple of days later.

"Know a chap named Jarvis, Charlie?"

Fifteen years and the Yard had never tied them up together. It wasn't likely they could spot a tie-up now. "I—I did know a chap named Jarvis. Long time ago."

"All right, you can put it in writing later. Found hanged on Tuesday, this chap Jarvis. Looked like suicide, except for one thing. He'd been crippled with rheumatoid arthritis for two years. Couldn't have climbed up on to a chair, let alone kicked it away, Charlie—"

"You can't pin anything on me!"

"He must have known you pretty well, Charlie. All I have in the bank to Charlie Buxton, who must not think too badly of me for letting him down. That's in his will."

"I can't help what he—!"

"Come along, Charlie. No shouting. Just a few quiet questions at the Yard. . . ."

The characters and names in all stories in "The Sun" are entirely imaginary and have no reference to real persons.



GREAT  
SNAKES?

# BLACK -OR- WHITE

**H**IDDEN in the Californian mountains, not very far from Santa Cruz, is a wooden bungalow. It looks like any two-roomed shack in the American backwoods—but that is its only similarity. It is actually unlike any other building in the world!

It is built on a rock and has a stone foundation. At each of the four corners steel stanchions have been driven deep into the rock and heavy chains anchor the foundation to them. From each of the four corners of the roof other chains run to stanchions on the north-east side. The first impression is that the chains are there to prevent the shanty from taking off—which is almost true, for if the chains were not there the place would look as if it were kneeling in prayer towards the south-east!

All the furniture inside the shack is bolted to the floor. Cupboard doors all face the north-east because, if they faced in any other direction the only way to prevent them flying open would be to padlock them, and even then the wood would warp as if some strange pressure inside was forcing it outwards!

## Mystic Hat Trick

If you flung your hat towards the ceiling it would never reach it, although it is not more than ten feet high. Instead it would stop about a foot from the ceiling and start to float gently across the room. If you tried the same experiment with a plate, teapot or even a stone, the result would be just the

same. All would drift slowly across, then descend reluctantly. Jump up and catch one of the rafters and you would feel a strong pressure against your body forcing it out of the vertical as much as twenty degrees. Hang a plumb line from one of the rafters and the moment your hand released the weight at the bottom it would swing outwards and remain stiff and stationary at an angle of thirty degrees.

Ropes have to be tied round the bedding all the time because it shows a strong inclination to drift off the bed and finish up in a heap against the opposite wall. Push the bed against that wall and in a few moments the bed clothes will have ruckled up.

Outside, the trees—young shoots and gnarled ancient-looking like a picture illustrating a strong wind. They all lean towards the south-west at such an angle that the branches on the south-west side sweep the ground, while those on the opposite side reach up skywards.

## Scientists Baffled

The place was discovered a few years ago, and since then scientists from all over the world have examined it. Unable to suggest a solution, they called in the geologists, who decided that the area—about a hundred and fifty square yards—contained some magnetic material deposit. Even so they can't guess what the deposits are.

The government became interested and arranged for the ground to be drilled in an attempt to solve the mystery. At a hundred feet they had found lots of soil, a clay deposit and a rock stratum. At two hundred feet the result was just the same. A few weeks ago the drilling had reached five hundred feet, but no mineral deposits of any kind have been found and they are as far from solving the elusive mystery as

# "JUST CAN'T MANAGE ON THE MEAT RATION"

**K**KNOWN as the "cobra plants" because of their snake-like look, these highly coloured, hungry-looking specimens of "Darlingtonia," live mainly on insects—although they prefer raw meat when they can get it, and have been known to scrite for a hamburger! Named after American botanist, William Darlington, they are found in the mountain bogs of California and Oregon, slender and erect, growing sometimes to a height of three feet

ever. The explanation is anyone's guess. As one observer—a hardened journalist—wrote: "It is as if some powerful magician has put a spell over the whole area."

# WHISKY MAY BE SAWDUST

**L**YING forgotten in a Fort William whisky warehouse are hundreds of gallons of Scotch, genuine vintage stuff that has been maturing for forty years. All efforts to trace the owner have failed.

Whisky galore, the overlooked hoard spells dollars. Not long ago the U.S. Government banned such words as Highland, Loch Lomond and Scots on American-made whiskies, and now Americans are bending their elbows to plain Scotch at the rate of \$1,000,000 worth a month.

The tempo may increase if President Truman introduces a threatened armament measure and orders the entire output of U.S. whisky distilleries to be diverted into industrial alcohol. This was done during the war, when whisky was poured into explosives and synthetic rubber. Today American distillers try to duplicate authentic Scotch... but they try in vain, for the secret of whisky is in the particular whisky found only in Highland streams.

A distiller producing an inferior whisky once succeeded in diverting his rival's superior water supply and for a few glorious weeks made whisky second to none. Elsewhere in the Highlands another distiller gained access to the stream used by a famous rival, precisely duplicated the plant, bought peat from the same grounds and barley from the same source—but the two whiskies were poles apart.

One leading Scotch firm once opened a distillery in Australia and exported its own Highland malts and distillers. The resulting brew deserved consideration but couldn't rival the home product. It was the water that let them down.

That's why Scottish distillers are so keen to keep upper lip to the claim of an American scientist that alcohol identical in quality with that of the whisky made by peat produced from sawdust. Though timber grains can yield ethyl alcohol, hardly be called nip off the old block!



"He must be one of those Boast Race cowswains"

# THEY LIVE BY SPOING

**W**ITH their diesel-engined kayaks, the sponge-fishers are putting to sea again, hunting the world's queerest animal. Maybe you never suspected that the sponge had a sex life, let it eat, sleep and marries while anchored to the sea-bed—and sponge babies to-day are specially reared in nurseries in Florida, the West Indies and the Bahamas.

But the competing sponge fishing fleets of Greece, Tunis and Syria are seeking full-grown adult sponges, and it's a poor harvest that doesn't yield 200 tons. Greece alone makes \$1,000,000 a year from sponges. Even the sponge-fishers in Florida are Greek, and the sponges they bring to market are black, slimy and still living—command a very high price.

One of the largest sponges ever landed weighed over 100 lb.

**HE DROPS WITH A STONE** that enables him to sink to the sea bed. Diver's life-line is a mesh net bag for the slimy black sponges

when dried, and measured ten feet across. After touring America this king of sponges was presented to Betty Grable.

Some sponge fishers dive naked, like pearl-fishers, carrying only a knife. Working at top speed as they carve their prey from the rocks, many can stay under water for four minutes. Often sponges can be trawled, but the vast majority of sponge divers work in a full diving suit with all the usual paraphernalia of telephone and air tubes.

Once landed, the sponges have to be buried in sand or left to dry in the sun for a few days until all the flesh disappears. The skeleton is then scraped, washed and dried again till it is ready for market. Maybe you never realized you had a skeleton in the bathroom. Smelling sweeter under picturesque names—the honeycomb and hardshell, velvet and grass, reef and yellow—the humble yet money-spinning sponge tries to seem what he isn't.



♪ The hours I save in the Spring tra la / 22



**SPRING-CLEANING**  
<sup>22</sup> IS <sup>22</sup> SING <sup>22</sup> CLEANING  
with **VIM**

Over the floors and up the stairs, over the tiles and paintwork!  
Take Vim with you wherever you clean. Vim—wonderful  
Vim—that gets to grips with dirt and grease around the  
house and *flashes* it away before you've had time to feel tired!  
So smooth, so swift, it lifts the burden from every grimy  
household chore—cleans with a quick, sure sparkle!

Get Vim in now! It will lighten your work,  
brighten your home, and you'll  
stay as fresh as a daisy!



**EVERY JOB**  
**FROM A TO Z— WITH**  
**VIM DONE SMOOTHLY**  
**—HOURS AHEAD!**





WEST-END FAME IN A NIGHT but insisted on more years in the provinces: Norman Wisdom



the way to films. I needed the experience of playing to all sorts of audiences under various conditions, and of appearing in sketches.

From London he went into a concert party at Scarborough, where he did everything they would let him do. He learnt a lot. Then he took on the part of Billy Crusoe in "Robinson Crusoe" at Birmingham, and this was followed by a variety tour.

"I found out a lot of things from that tour," he said. "In Scotland, for instance, I had to work faster and cut out some of the Cockney stuff. In Yorkshire and Lancashire I dis-

## SHOW BUSINESS

NORMAN WISDOM has only a relatively short time to look back to the days when he was walking the streets of London literally without any shoes to his feet. And he need look back only three years to his miraculous overnight fame.

The West-end saw him in "Sauce Piquante," he is now doing a T.V. show, and on May 21 he will be in the cast of "London Melody" at Empress Hall, Earls Court.

If you want to track him down at home you will have to go to a field. That's where his "bungalow" is parked.

"And nothing," he says firmly, "will persuade me to change that sort of life. My wife and I have no desire to live in a house now."

When he and ex-chorus dancer Freda Simpson got married, they wanted a home of their own. Norman was on tour, and though they wanted a home they also wanted to be together. The solution was a caravan.

## "Rubber Face" Triumph

It was nearly three years ago that this diminutive, rubber-faced comedian took London by storm. He was headline news when he woke up in the morning after the first night, and he followed up his success on television.

But he refused to stay in the West-end.

"No more big-time for me for a couple of years," he said. "I'm not ready for the West-end yet. I need more experience."

What did he learn during his two extra years in the provinces?

"More confidence—though I'm still a bit nervous," he told me. "I hadn't sufficient experience to work with established stars. I knew my own variety act, and that was all, and I wanted to become more than a variety artist. I was ambitious to become a revue star and pave

# WEST-END STAR —BUT— LIVES IN A CARAVAN

covered the need for being intimate and very friendly. The audiences there like you to be one of them."

He spent the summer season in Blackpool. Later in the year he was back in pantomime at Wolverhampton.

Born in humble circumstances in London, he had a tough childhood. At the age of twelve he ran away from home. Before long he was walking about without shoes, scratching food from coffee stalls.

"The only thing I could think of doing was to go to sea," he said, "so I walked to Cardiff, where I got a job as a cabin-boy. Then, tired of being at sea, I joined the Army as a drummer-boy when I was fifteen."

"I did a lot of gymnastics and boxing, and used to amuse the other fellows by shadow-boxing with an imaginary partner. Then I let the imaginary chap knock me down. It was the first step towards the tumbles I do in my act."

He was through with the Army in 1939, and had just begun work as a Post Office telephone operator when war broke out and he found himself back in uniform. One evening he did his comedy larking about at an Army dance, and the Entertainments Officer saw him. Norman was put into the regimental concert party.

Demobbed in 1946, he decided to try his luck on the professional stage. He had no influence, but, in his own words, "pestered himself into the Collins Music Hall bill at £5 a week."

He did so well that his first appearance led to other engagements. He went on tour and into panto, and then hit a bad spell of unemployment. His luck changed when he was asked to appear in a big charity show. It led to his engagement at the London Casino, where he made his name.

His most embarrassing experience, he says, was when he was supposed to be cutting Dave Jackley's hair with a revolver in the panto at Wolverhampton. The revolver got caught up in the hair, and for the remainder of the scene Jackley continued his acting with the revolver dangling from his head.

## In Agony: Played On

A particularly painful experience was when he was doing his comedy piano act, in which he pulls the piano lid down on his fingers. He has a piece of lead attached to the piano to prevent the lid coming right down, but one evening a stage-hand removed it. Norman brought the lid down with a bang, and nearly mangled his fingers to the bone.

Immediately after this he had to play the clarinet, but his fingers were so paralysed that all he could do was to get a few peeps from the instrument. The audience roared with laughter.

But he has no grumbles about the way life has treated him since those early days of near starvation.

JOHN K. NEUNHAM

# LED SCOTS UP THE GARDEN!

IT takes a lot to fool a Scotsman, but even the Scots have been led up the garden path by actor John Gresson, who has his most important West-end stage role to date in Roger MacDougall's new play "MacAdam and Eve" at the Aldwych Theatre.

Most people think of Gresson as a Scot. He looks like one and can speak like one. But he's not a Scot at all. He was born and brought up in Liverpool, where he worked in a factory before turning to the stage. Sheer chance decreed that he should don the Scottish mantle. He was offered work in repertory at Perth and remained there until he went into the Navy.

The impression that he was a Scot was strengthened when he played numerous Scottish roles. He even got away with it when appearing with the almost entirely Scottish cast in "Whisky Galore." When he left the cast of "Seagulls Over Sorrento," it was a genuine Scot, Gordon Jackson, who replaced him.

He says it has one great advantage. No one expects him to give tips!

## IN JAMES MASON'S PART

LEO GENN is a courageous man. He is thrusting out his chin and risking the inevitable comparisons with James Mason, by appearing in the stage version of "The Seven Veils." He is taking the part played by Mason in the film.

Ann Todd and Herbert Lom are playing their original roles, but the play will vary considerably from the film. Sydney and Muriel Box have written a new script for the stage version.

Leo Genn, who recently returned from Hollywood, was a barrister before turning to the screen, and his film career began when Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., engaged him as technical adviser

and writer of the legal scenes in "Jump for Glory."

Then, when it was suddenly realized that no one had been cast for the part of the barrister, Fairbanks turned to Genn.

"You wrote it," he exclaimed, quickly, "so you'd better play it."

Genn has been acting ever since! MRS. (LOCKWOOD) MOPP EX-actor Morley Clarke, now manager of the Lewisham Hippodrome, had a queer surprise recently.

His stage attraction was Margaret Lockwood in "Peter Pan." Receiving a message that there was a woman asking for a dress cleaner, he interviewed her and took her on. When he asked her name, she replied: "Margaret Lockwood."

He told her to cut that out, but she

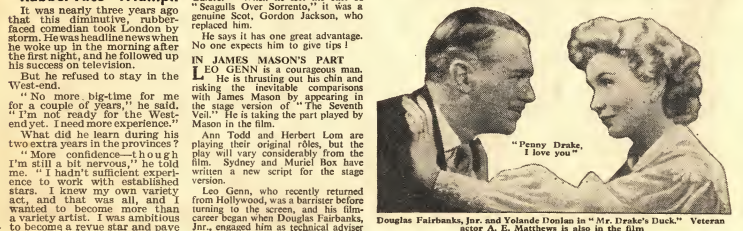
persisted and produced her identity card to prove that it was true. So Mr. Clarke had two Margaret Lockwoods working for him that week!

## TUNESMITH

IF there is one tune that Hoagy Carmichael will never be allowed to forget, it's "Stardust." He wrote it years ago, and it has never lost its popularity. Hoagy—an actor as well as a tunesmith—has just arrived in this country to appear at the London Palladium.

As well as his music, have already made him famous over here. One of his most recent pictures was "Young Man with Music." Hoagy says it was easy enough to play the part. The character was based on Hoagy himself. The only thing that was changed was the name.

THE ROVER



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Yolande Donlan in "Mr. Drake's Duck." Veteran actor A. E. Matthews is also in the film



**IDEAL PARTNERSHIP,**  
but they seldom appear  
together on the screen:  
Richard Attenborough and  
Sheila Sim

# FANS PREFER BROS SIM

## HAPPY HOME TOP POPUL

happier they are, the better we like them.

Take the irresistible Lyon family—Ben, Bebe, Barbara, Richard (and, of course, the cat). They have a happy knack of holding up a mirror to the goings-on in most families, with all the good-natured bickering, borrowing and argument. They are very much the same when they're really at home. Bebe always a little vague; Ben considerably more expert in the kitchen than she is; Richard with an eye on father's best tie; Barbara studying at R.A.D.A. to follow her parents' footsteps.

### Lost in London!

Bebe admits that once, when she had to get to the theatre without Ben, she hailed a taxi—and then realized she hadn't a clue which theatre! So she and the taxi-driver cruised round the West-end, studying the posters until they found the right one!

There is a similar quality about that high-powered young couple from Canada—the Bradens (of "Bedtime with Braden," and "Mr. and Mrs. North" fame). In the two years since they landed here they've made their mark in films, on the stage, and at Broadcasting House—Bernard with his salty wit and "carpet-slipper" manner, Barbara Kelly as one of the most sparkling ash-blondes ever.

### "Never Interfere"

They're very much a team, based on a rambling old home on the banks of the Thames, where live the junior Bradens, Christopher (seven) and two daughters, Kelly (six) and Kim (two). The Braden philosophy is: "We never interfere in each other's lives."

It is nearly twenty years since Wilfred and Mabel Pickles decided to "have a go" at marriage. Their truly wonderful partnership is largely responsible for Wilfred's unique capacity to understand people and bring out the best in them. You have only to see these two together, driving thousands of miles round the country, chattering away like a couple of kids or putting their heads together over one of the many problems Wilfred's fans send him, to realize that they are utterly happy in each other's company. They have a sound rule for marriage, too: "Always make up a quarrel before the day is out."

Think of the stage and film directors who have brought out the best in their wives. Sir Laurence Olivier and Herbert

**PROUD HOLDERS OF TITLE**  
"Hollywood's Happiest Married Couple", Frederic March and  
Florence Eldridge

Wilcox in particular. Oh, yes, I know Vivien Leigh was a West-end star at nineteen and that her Scarlet O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind" brought her an Oscar. But it was only after she married Olivier, ten years ago, that she really developed the warmth and pathos of which she was always capable.

Anna Neagle would still probably be the most nervous actress in the world, instead of one of the most serene and satisfying complete personalities I have ever met, if Herbert Wilcox had not come into her life. Since Herbert is essentially a quiet, kindly man who never loses his temper or shouts at anybody, it is strange that he should have cured Anna's nerves and moulded her as an actress—by pretty drastic shock tactics.

### First Lady of Screen

First he gave her an abandoned rôle, as Nell Gwynn. Then he packed her off on a tour round the country (he is a great believer in personal appearances). When she came back he launched her into the series of historical characters—Victoria the Great, Edith Cavell, Odette, now Florence Nightingale—which have established her as the First Lady of the British Screen.

But there is nothing one-sided about the partnership. Anna plays an active part in all her husband's business and production affairs. Their work together is their life. They are charmingly simple, home-loving people. When they have a really big problem to settle, they take it with them—and go for a long tramp across the fields or prune the roses in

**W**HATEVER its other advantages, married bliss is certainly good box-office.

When Jimmy Stewart, Hollywood's most eligible and confirmed bachelor (he used to give advice on how to stay single!), threw the principles of a lifetime to the winds and entered the bonds of wedlock his fans turned out by the thousand.

To shed tears of disappointment? Not a bit of it—to take a good look at the lucky Mrs. S. and wish the couple well!

Not so many years ago, any girl who had had the temerity to walk up the aisle on the arm of the dashing Valentino would probably have risked a lynching at the hands of his admirers. But to-day it's the husband and wife teams who climb to the top of the popularity polls on stage, screen and air. "The

**SALTY WIT** and "carpet slipper" manner: Bernard Braden with his wife, Barbara Kelly (near) and family





# ER THEIR RIED NOW

## THE LIFE STARS MARRIAGE POLL

the garden. And Anna still smiles over an entry in her diary of many years ago which reads: "Saw Herbert Wilcox about film work—think I'll stick to the chorus!" Herbert Wilcox, fortunately, thought otherwise!

Do you remember how John Clements once had to explain that he wasn't really so heartless a husband that he left Kay Hammond out all night in the summer-house in the rain? Listeners to "We Beg to Differ" relish the cut and thrust of argument between John and Kay. ("Women?" says John in that clear, incisive voice, "haven't the brain to organize themselves. They couldn't stick to one idea for more than five minutes and they're not in the least interested in other people's problems.") Then the lazy intonation of Kay Hammond takes up the cudgels: "The ideas that men get they stick to for so long that they cease to be ideas.")

### Tough Guy's Comment

It's fun, only because we know that Mr. and Mrs. John Clements are a happily married couple—so much so that a Marriage Bureau has invited them to join its board of advisors!

Tough-guy Humphrey Bogart and glamorous Lauren Bacall also indulge in caustic comment on the opposite sex, while remaining extremely happily married. "Most men spoil women," says Bogart vehemently (in the absence of his wife!) "It's the hard, untamed guy who gives

**CUT AND THRUST ARGUMENT:** Listeners enjoy John Clements' and Kay Hammond's wordy conflict on the radio. But at home, with their boomer, life is all harmony.

them that limp and passionate feeling." From a nearby set Miss Bacall replies calmly, with a set of advice on how to handle men: "Don't bother them with your personal problems. They're probably married, too! And don't encourage them to talk about their ailments. They probably will."

### They're Chelsea Fans!

Looks as though it's the couples with no illusions about the opposite sex who make the most successful marriages, doesn't it?

You would hardly expect that mysterious, often sinister lover of the screen, James Mason, to turn into an efficient parent. Yet friends of James and his wife, Pamela Keillho, say that letters from them are all about their baby Portland—and the cat!

Not all the happiest couples are seen together on the stage or screen. Dickie Attenborough and Sheila Sim seldom appear in the same picture—chiefly because they are so much of a height (only half an inch between them), that they don't pair well in romantic roles. But they are very much a partnership, living in a rambling old house on the outskirts of London that's supposed to be haunted, going to football matches (they're Chelsea fans) and taking it in turns to "baby-sit." They were married at twenty-one and Sheila loves

**AND THIS WAS WHEN HE MADE "HELL'S ANGELS":** Ben Lyon with Jean Harlow in the film he can't forget

to tell the story of their first meeting. "I happened to look into an empty rehearsal room and there was a small young man with a very loud voice performing to an audience of one—himself!"

Which is slightly reminiscent of Dulcie Gray's early days at dramatic school, when the only way she could make 3s. 6d. a week stretch for all her food was by "well-spaced visits to relations and more affluent friends." Among "the more affluent friends" was a fellow student—Michael Denison. She married him. "To put her scrounging on a permanent basis," remarks Michael.

### Two Massive Beds

Since then, the Denisons have done some of their best work together, playing husband and wife in "My Brother Jonathan" and "The Glass Mountain" and on the stage, "The Four-Poster," the two-parts-only play which centred round a massive four-poster bed exactly like their own at home. Now Michael and Dulcie are together again, but not as a married couple, in "The Franchise Affair."

There are many more couples in show business—the Lumas, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Helen Hickard, Valerie Hobson and Antony Havelock-Allan, Eric Barker and Pearl Hackney, John McCallum and Googie Withers, more recently, Joy Nichols and Wally Peterson. Now Beatrice Campbell and Nigel Patrick, who start out on matrimony with Nigel's warning that, if Beatrice ever nags him, he'll use the line that first brought him fame, in "Noose": "Don't go on-an-on-an-on!"

And it was only in 1927 that Frederic March and Florence Eldridge, just back from their honeymoon, were told: "A pair of principals who are man and wife would be bad publicity—no romances in that!"

Well, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic March are still the proud holders of the title, "Hollywood's Happiest Married Couple." And the world seems to have shown a bit of sense, for a change, in making it abundantly clear that there is romance in married bliss.

ALISON BARNES



**LIFE WITH THE LYONS:** Richard, Barbara, Bebe, and Ben

**HUSBAND'S SHOCK TACTICS** cured her perversity: Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle

Dressed to the nines, Jill knew she was bound for the bright lights of London's West-end, but she couldn't elicit from her escort exactly where their "heavy date" was... another humorous adventure with TIT-BITS Pin-Up Girl



"My dear, why didn't you tell me? So it's the Queen you most want to meet!"

"Idiot!" The crowd was growing denser. There seemed to be a vast throng of young people pressing close around the car now. Faces peered in through the windows. Several people looked penetratingly at Jill and Mike, then turned away. The car was moving now at snail's pace, gradually edging in to the kerb, where a row of police stood, holding back the crowd. They were stopping outside Warner's Cinema. Suddenly the mystery cleared from Jill's mind.

"Oh, Mike, why didn't you tell me? We're going to the premiere of 'No Other Love.' How did you remember that of all the stars Gloria Dufaye is my number one favourite. I'm absolutely dying to see her new picture?"

### In the Flashlights

He was grinning as the commissionaire opened the door and helped Jill out into the crowded street. Through the narrow gangway cleared by the police, she walked beside Mike into the brilliantly lit foyer of the cinema, where flashlights were going off with shattering speed, and everybody seemed to be talking and laughing at once.

Mike propelled her right into the middle of the foyer. "Look, there's Gloria," she exclaimed excitedly.

And there, right in front of them, smiling and looking even lovelier in real life than in her pictures, was the glamorous Miss Dufaye. Jill took a deep breath. This was almost too exciting—the chance to see her right up close. She could stretch out her hand and touch her, the one star she most admired.

Before she had time to recover her composure Mike had his arm through hers and was marching her forward.

Miss Dufaye, may I introduce Jill Barton? She's one of your most devoted admirers, a particular tribute since she's a budding young actress herself."

For a few moments they stood talking, the total silence of all the other people milling round them, until the famous star was escorted into the auditorium. As Jill took her seat beside Mike and the lights went down, she felt for his hand. "It was a wonderful surprise, Mike!"

"Good," he whispered, "but you deserved it—after all the skit, alley and opium dens and East-end pubs you've endured to please me! Call it quits, shall we?"

Next Week:

LOVE SET

### YOUR OWN PIN-UP PHOTO OF JILL

Our pin-up girl has been inundated with requests for her picture. A limited number, printed on special thick glossy paper, six by six, in size, have been made available in postal order or stamps value 1s. 3d., to include postage and packing, to "Photos," TIT-BITS Town House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2, for one of these lovely glamour photographs.

THIS tantalizing telephone message came through before breakfast—at an hour of the day when Jill was quite incapable of unravelling even the simplest mystery.

"That you, Jill? You're coming out with me this evening." It was a statement, not a question, which was characteristic of Mike.

"Yes, Mike, but where are we going?"

"Tell you when I see you!"

"Don't be absurd—how can a girl know what to wear if you don't tell her where she's being taken?"

"In this case you wear your prettiest evening frock, get the crown jewels out of their vaults at the Tower of London, spend the afternoon having your hair fixed—and remember to be ready sharp at 7.30."

"Mike," she protested, "kindly stop making noises like the publicity man you are and behave like a normal human being! Where are we going?"

"Shant-in-a, my love!" With that quite useless piece of information, he hung up on her.

### Nice Young Man!

"Mike behaving more like a lunatic than usual—expecting me to make a blind date with him and wear my best evening frock, when the chances are a hundred to one I'll find myself spending the evening watching a skittle match in a pub—or driving to Limehouse in his terrible old bus-shaker because of his disreputable news-

paper friends is on the trail of a dope gang!"

"But, darling," put in Mrs. Barton, soothingly, "Mike is such a nice young man. You do just what he tells you and I expect you'll have a wonderful time!"

"Divine, Mother—he'll probably arrive to fetch me wearing his old battle-dress and a crash helmet—which goes so charmingly with sequins!"

But all the same Jill was intrigued and, partly because Mike was one of those young men whose instructions somehow invariably do get obeyed, she hurried home that evening and pressed her loveliest evening frock. Promptly at 7.30 (long before she had dared expect him) Jill was putting the finishing touches to her make-up when she heard a car hooter at the gate.

She glanced out of the window. To her amazement, a really respectable-looking long black limousine, with a chauffeur at the wheel, was standing outside,

Mike propelled her right into the middle of the foyer. "Look, there's Gloria," she exclaimed excitedly

while Mike, immaculate in evening clothes, paced up and down the pavement. When he saw her, he waved cheerfully and called up to the window: "Hurry up—we've got a date and we have to be punctual!"

"Punctual—now?" she laughed. "Sure you feel all right—not running a temperature or anything?" But she ran quickly down the stairs, called good-bye to the family and was soon seated, like a duchess, in the big car with Mike beside her.

"Now perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me where we're going?"

### Talk of Scotland Yard

"You'll see," Mike said airily, then looking her over appraisingly remarked: "Umhm—very nice indeed! If anybody we meet to-night looks as pretty for breakfast." He pressed her hand affectionately.

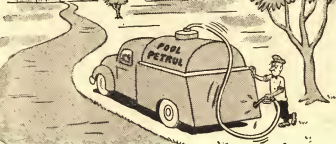
Into a long story about what a friend of his had told him about a gigantic black-market round-up being planned by Scotland Yard.

Jill was only half listening, she was too busy watching where they were going—straight up to town and into the heart of the West-end—though, of course, that didn't mean that they wouldn't end up in Newcastle or Wapping before midnight! As they approached Leicester Square there seemed to be more people, more cars and taxis around than usual. The car slowed to a crawl. Inside others around them Jill could see beautifully dressed women and men in dinner jackets.

"Now tell me we're going to a party at Buckingham Palace," suggested Jill.

Mike looked at her seriously.

"GIVE ME A LIFT!"





**It's time to think of the HOLIDAYS**

SEND A POST CARD FOR *Beautifully Illustrated Guide*

**SOUTHPORT**

The "Garden City by the Sea." The most popular holiday resort of its kind, for there's something for everybody—golden sands, kiddie's playgrounds, swimming, riding, golf, dancing, ice-cream entertainments (9 theatres, 12 cinemas), lovely gardens, elegant shops and cafes.

Write: W. Bedford, Town Hall, Southport—Travel by Rail

**MIDDLETON TOWER**

ALL IN LEANS

**5 GNS weekly**

Nothing more to pay for COLLECTOR.

**free!**

Send for FREE COPIES OF BROCHURE TO THE MIDDLETON TOWER, NEAR Macclesfield, Cheshire.

OPENS MAY '27

## WELCOME TO SUNNY SPAIN

For fine food and wine and the most perfect climate imaginable there is no country like Spain. The favourable exchange rate makes Spain the ideal holiday centre for British people this year. Good hotels await you with a real welcome. The traditional friendliness of the Spaniards will ensure the holiday of a lifetime. Send for details today. Reply please be essential. **FULLY INCLUDES 14-DAY HOLIDAYS FROM £28.0.0**

Write NOW. Post-card communication is limited and you must make sure that everything possible will be done to ensure the complete success of your trip in Spain.

**SEE SPAIN LTD.**  
Dept. T.B., 78, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

**"MAID" LINE CRUISERS LTD.**  
Hammerton's Boatyard,  
LONG DITTON, SURREY.  
Emberbrook 4844.

ANNOUNCE introduction of two new classes of Thames Hire Cruisers—330 super luxury 4½ berth with novel and capacious interior lay-out and 24ft. economy 4 berth. Both being built on the Broad at the present time to latest modern pattern designs. All craft with "Dunlop" mattresses, "Kepkold" cold boxes, self-starting marine engines, electric light; many with gas fire, latest gas cookers with ovens, improved W.C.s. Dinghies. Radios.

WRITE now enclosing 6d. P.O. for new 1951 Brochure "Thames Cruising Holidays." Fleet of 15 craft from 23-47ft. length, 2 to 8 berth.

**MR. SUN SAYS**  
YOU'LL SEE  
PLENTY OF  
ME IN  
JERSEY

THE GEN OF THE CHANNEL ISLES  
PLAN NOW FOR A GLORIOUS  
SUNSHINE HOLIDAY!

For beautifully illustrated 176 p.p. Guide & accommodation details send 6d. P.O. to—  
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,  
JERSEY, Cal.

SEND A POST CARD FOR *Beautifully Illustrated Guide*

**SOUTHPORT**

The "Garden City by the Sea." The most popular holiday resort of its kind, for there's something for everybody—golden sands, kiddie's playgrounds, swimming, riding, golf, dancing, ice-cream entertainments (9 theatres, 12 cinemas), lovely gardens, elegant shops and cafes.

Write: W. Bedford, Town Hall, Southport—Travel by Rail

In Festival Year join me at

## BRIGHTON

for all-year-round gaiety

Come any time—early or late—for a full "Festival" holiday of sport, entertainment, glorious scenery and a tonic of sun and fresh air. Attractions include: **REGENCY FESTIVAL (16 July—25 August)**, PAGEANT, Military Displays, Illuminations, etc. List of accommodation and events free from T. B. BROWNE, Royal York Buildings, Brighton. Fascinating guide in colour with maps, 1/- post free.

**SPORTS CENTRE OF THE SOUTH COAST**

**"VICTORY PLEASURES" HOLIDAY TOURS**

See the "Cornish Riviera" and N. Devon in "COACH COMFORT."

Tour No. 1, centred at **FALMOUTH**.  
Tour No. 2, centred at **NEWQUAY**, and visiting:  
Land's End, St. Ives, Penzance, Mevagissey, Fowey and "River Fal" cruises, etc.

Tour No. 3, centred at **ILFRACOMBE**, and visiting:  
Lorna Doone country, Lynton, Clovelly, Westward Ho,combe Martin, Bude, etc.

8 days ..... £17 17s. 0d.  
..... inclusive from London.

Weekly departures from May till September  
(Special fare reduction for May)  
Details and literature from Dept. T.B.:

**VICTORY PLEASURES LTD.**, 9, Southampton Place,  
HOLBORN 4826. W.C.1.

**It's BLACKPOOL**  
for us because—

IT'S HEALTHY AND HAPPY  
IT'S GRAND FOR THE FAMILY  
ITS SHOWS ARE THE BEST  
ITS CHARGES ARE REASONABLE  
ITS ACCOMMODATION IS AMPLIFIED  
ITS TRAIN SERVICES ARE EXCELLENT

GUIDE FROM: W. FOSTER, Dept. 99, TOWN HALL, BLACKPOOL

**OLD PEOPLE'S HOLIDAY**  
24th MAY-15th JUNE, 1951  
SPORTS WEEK 1st-8th JULY

**Smith's Tours**

HOLIDAYS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND ABROAD—1951 SEASON  
Luxury Travel—First-class Coaches—Fares Fully Inclusive.

Commencing **GOOD FRIDAY, MARCH 23rd**, and Weekly throughout the Season.

**BRITISH TOURS. 5 & 7 & 9 Day Tours**  
TORYVALE, BRIGHTON, BOURNEMOUTH—ILFRACOMBE—LONDON & FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN—NEWQUAY—SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS—JOHN O'GAULTS—ISLE OF WHIT—FOLKESTONE—BURNHAM—WEST & EAST COAST—SOMERSET—NORFOLK—BROADLANDS—SCOTCH LOCHS—ISLE OF ANGLESIE/WALLS.

**CONTINENTAL TOURS**

**Lancashire Back to Lancashire.**  
14 Days Switzerland: Stay Palace Hotel, Lucerne or Montreux. Visiting Paris, Geneva, Basel, Interlaken. .... £65

16 Days Belgium, Holland, Germany and Denmark: Visiting Düsseldorf, Hamburg, Odense, Copenhagen, Flensburg, Groningen, Amsterdam, Brda. .... £65

16 Days Spain: Visiting Rouen, San Sebastian, Burgos, Madrid, Valencia, Barcelona, Angoulême, Paris. .... £60

9 Days Paris: Staying 5 nights at Lutetia Hotel, Paris. Visiting Versailles and Chateau of Fontainebleau. .... £32

16 Days Road to Rome: Visiting Montreux, Bern, Zurich, Milan, Nice, Genoa, Vichy, Paris. .... £65

14 Days Biarritz: Staying 7 nights at Biarritz Hotel, Biarritz. Visiting Paris, Bordeaux, Pau. Excursions into Spain to San Sebastian and Pamplona. .... £55

14 Days French Riviera: Staying 6 nights at Hotel Hotel, Nice. Visiting Cannes, Monte Carlo, Lyons, Paris, San Remo, Genoa, Aix-les-Bains. .... £55

**BOOK NOW**

Apply for brochure to all local Tourist Agents, or 70, Market Street, Wigan. Phone: 44246

**THIRD CLASS ROUND EUROPE I VISIT 5 COUNTRIES FOR 33 GNS.**  
A 10 day inclusive Tour stopping at Paris, Grenoble, Nice, Milan, Lucerne, Hamburg, Brussels.

**BY RAIL, COACH AND STEAMER**  
ALL FARES & HOTELS INCLUDED  
"A FANTASTIC ORIGINAL HOLIDAY!"

Also—8 Days—4 Countries—27 Gns.  
14 Days—5 Countries—39 Gns.

These and many other detailed and inexpensive tours planned to the last detail. **SPAIN, AUSTRIA, FRANCE, ETC.** Ask for Specimen Brochure

**BRIDGE TOURS**  
(T.B.) 59, CRAWFORD ST.,  
LONDON, W.1. (AMB. 2445)  
NEAR EDGWARE RD. & BAKER STREET.

# £3,000 EASTER EGG

## People of the Day

**P**RESIDENT TRUMAN'S official residence, the White House, will be invaded on Easter Monday morning. By old custom Washington children enter and roll coloured eggs down the grassy slopes in front of the windows of the President's rooms. He and his wife join in the fun and distribute candies.

The custom springs from an old English Easter ceremony and probably crossed the Atlantic with some of the early settlers. It has religious significance; according to tradition, it typifies the Resurrection—the rolling of eggs representing the rolling away of the stone from the Tomb.

An Easter egg game called jarping is still played in some northern colliery districts of Britain. Eggs are rolled against each other, and those that are first cracked become the property of the man who does the damage. But nowadays eggs are too rare and expensive to be used on any scale for such a purpose.

Most of them are still made of chocolate, but once an Easter egg made of silver and gold was presented to Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain. Enormous

and exquisitely decorated with narcissi, it contained an assortment of the choicest sweets Spain produced. By pressing a concealed button it could be illuminated with electric light, which revealed the beauties of its workmanship. Cost of making the egg was £3,000.

## BOAT RACE BISHOPS

**H**OW many who will witness the Boat Race this year realize that every member of the first Oxford boat in 1829 took Holy Orders; Wordsworth became Bishop of St. Andrews; Toogood was Prebendary of York; Garnier and Freemantle were Deans of Lincoln and Ripon; Moore and Stanforth became rectors of Tunstall and Bolton; Carter and Bates had important parishes in their charge. Arbutnot (No. 2 in the boat) entered the church, but there seems to be no record of his activities.

In the Cambridge boat of that year, Selwyn became Bishop of Lichfield; Morville, Dean of Ely; and Warren, Vicar of Over.

By 1881, statistics showed that of the 243 who represented Oxford and the 242 who rowed for Cambridge, 188, or 38 per cent., took Holy Orders. Up to that year, 81 of both boats

became lawyers, the total to the present day exceeding 200. One rowing blue, W. H. Waddington, became Foreign Minister of France and later came here as a French Ambassador; and S. M. Bruce, who rowed for Cambridge in 1904, became Prime Minister of Australia. R. McKenna was a Cabinet Minister and Lord Maughan became Lord Chancellor.

## ROYAL RIDERS

**K**NOWLEDGE how fond of horses Princess Margaret is, the King has made her a surprise gift—Poppy, a thoroughbred mare. Poppy won't be used by the Princess as a racehorse, I understand. She is less keen on horse-racing than other members of the Royal Family. Poppy is likely to become one of the Princess's favourite hunters. I'm told that the mare has been introduced to Cloudy, a Shetland pony belonging to Prince Charles, and is sharing a stable with the pony, Windsor Castle.

Princess Margaret prefers riding astride, but four years ago she began to learn riding side-saddle at Windsor, taking lessons from seventy-year-old Mr. W. J. Smith, who taught nearly every member of the Royal Family. She took to the side-saddle with less facility than Princess Elizabeth, who enjoys both.

## BRIDEGROOM AT 103

**T**HE course of true love never did run smooth. It certainly hasn't (so far) for eighty-four-year-old Grandpa Albert Smith, of West Road, Camberton, Surrey, and eighty-two-year-old Grandma Louisa West, of Wasecote Road, Camberton. The pair first met and fell in love at first sight at an old people's outing to Southend in 1949.

Each lives with a married daughter. 'We'll get married,' they decided last Christmas. But their wedding is held up



because they can't find an unfurnished room.

Perhaps there's some consolation for the old couple in the fact that on New Year's Day, 1897, William Sexton, aged 103, married Mrs. Croft, aged 101, at Knoxville, Tennessee. The ceremony took place in a house which the bridegroom had held to build ninety years before!

## COWS DON'T FLY BUT—

**ESSEX** farmer, Tim Brown, of Bridgemans Farm, near Tillingham, believes in having his herd air-minded. Instead of answering to such conventional cow names as Clover, Daisy or Buttercup, each of his pedigree Friesian milkers is christened after a make of British aircraft. There's a Spitfire, Wellington, Lancaster, Mosquito ... more than forty all told, and he reckons rendezvous at the milking sheds (jokingly referred to as hangars) pretty fair formation.

Tim Brown believes his are the only cows in the world so illustriously named, as he first got his novel idea from the exploits of the R.A.F. His bull, incidentally, a magnificent thoroughbred Friesian and father of most of his milkers—answers to the name of Winston. **PUCK**

## WESTWARD HO! by CHARLES KINGSLEY

SEVERAL MOMENTS LATER, ARYAS RETURNS FROM IRELAND, AND LISTENS TO FRANK'S STORY...

The desecrated ruins of a Spanish castle in the town of Seville, where the old king was buried, were the scene of a terrible tragedy...

Well, Frank, the Earl-herald of the Race has won to do this, and you, remember, to guard her happiness forever.

Only you and I and Will Cary are here to see the old world, and we will see it all over the world.



There of us are enough. Yes, say Don German is governor of La Guayra in Caracas. There is a long way off.

Yes, gentlemen, my wealth is of your disposal if you can bring me my ship and supplies...

That, sir, we aim to do.



ARYAS SEEKS OUT SALVATION YET...

We sail for the Spanish Main, Yes, Come along... You may find John Owen's child after all.

Could I not show you to help me with a crew of five? I will get you to know the Spanish Main with.



## SO THIS IS "FREE" EDUCATION

(Continued from the Cover)

of which were bomb casualties, while others suffer from years of neglect—are hopelessly inadequate to house this increased school population. Essential equipment—desks, books, scientific apparatus—is utterly lacking.

The shortage of teachers is so acute that most of those in primary schools have classes much too large to handle. Some 1,700 classes number fifty or more pupils—which means that any form of individual tuition for the nervous or backward child is out of the question.

You can't train an army without officers and instructors—or education without teachers. The War Office had the sense to improve pay and conditions in order to attract the right type of men into the Army. When will the Ministry of Education wake up to the fact that many teachers, with wives and families to support, have to supplement their inadequate pay by doing part-time clerical work? Not unnaturally, many drift away from this key profession to better-paid jobs.

Again, you don't start raw recruits off on highly technical instruction until they have first been thoroughly grounded in military discipline. Here again the education authorities should take a tip from the Services. If we are going to dispunge this scandal of illiteracy from the nation, the fundamentals of education—reading, writing and arithmetic—have got to take priority over woodwork, gardening, singing and the hundred and one odd subjects which occupy school hours.

Parents, too, could help more—by seeing that their children don't play the school game, but interest in their school progress, not taking them away during term-time just because it's more convenient for the family summer holiday or to visit relatives.

A child's education has got to be a co-operative effort, with home influences helping, not hindering, the work of the teachers. Even in a too large class, the child brought up at home to accept discipline and willing to learn will get the best out of our badly cracker educational system.

JOHN STYEROKER





**3 1/2 YARD**  
46 INCH

**FOLKWEAVE**

Heavy quality pure cotton  
Folkweave. Woven  
reversible stripes - fast colours;  
soft draping; closely woven.  
Choice of five lovely shades:  
predominantly blue, rose,  
green, brown, orange. Please state  
your colour preferred when ordering.  
Full range of samples on request.

**EPRHONS of Bexhill**  
DEPT. 5 • BEXHILL • SUSSEX

**ACCORDEONS**

Easy-to-play button-stock models from  
£8.50. Huge stocks of new and re-  
conditioned accords, all guaranteed.  
CASH OR CREDIT. Piano-accords,  
British-Chromatics and Commercial-  
Chromatics, every size, every price.  
Learn the renowned "Double-Ray"  
accordion—YOU PLAY AT SIGHT, THE  
VERY SAME NIGHT.

Send stamp now for illustrated list—free.

**I.T. FORBES**  
(Dept. 6)  
ACCORDION  
HOUSE,  
KING'S RD.,  
DUNDEE.

**BALL PEN REFILLS**  
REFILL YOUR  
**BALL PEN FOR 2d.**

SUITABLE FOR ALL MAKES.

**FREE OFFER**

Refill your Ball Pen  
approximately 100 times  
for 2d with Vici-Scrib  
Ball Pen Refill. Contains  
simple, illustrated in-  
structions. Ball colour:  
cleaning, wash, tube of  
inexpensive ink. Colours:  
blue, red, green, black  
and violet.

Mr. W. Hayes, 38, Penn  
Street, Heywood, Lancs.  
Refills are your wonderful  
ball pen refills. I must say  
results are far superior for  
such a low price! Write  
today for complete list,  
2d post free.

**LITTLE GEM**  
1in. Ball Point Pen hexagonal,  
filled blue, black, or red, 2 in Box, 2d post free.  
1 Pen with Ball Ink, 2d post free.

**DRAYER & WILLIAM (Dept. G.7)**  
15, Rotherden Road, London, S.W.13.

**Brand New Ex-Government**  
**TROUSERS**

HARDEST WEARING  
fine Wool Serge, smart,  
Self-supporting, perfect  
Dark Green, Dark Brown  
and Dark Blue. State second  
colour choice. Ideal for all  
Western, Eastern, Factory or  
Garden people, Bourgeoisie,  
Gardening and General wear  
and use.

Blue waist 20in. to 30in.  
20in. inside leg up to 30in.  
to 30in. 14/11  
Waist 30in. to 36in.  
inside leg up to 32in.  
or sent C.O.D. 17/6  
Post, etc.

**Genuine Ex-Govt. Battle Dress**  
**JACKETS**

Dyed Dark Blue and Brown.  
Two large breast pockets with button  
flaps. Shoulder epaulettes. Adjustable waistband.  
Two large inside pockets. Button fasten-  
ing front. Made to highest Govt.  
standards. Smart, comfortable and  
durable. Ideal for sportsman, out-  
door or indoor workers. Long service  
and attractive. Chest sizes 30 to 40in. Post, etc.  
or sent C.O.D. (pay postman) 17/6

**JACATIX (LONDON), LTD.** Dept. 718,  
Imperial House, Oakfield Road, S.E.20.

**NYLONS**

**SPECIAL BOX**  
**CONTAINING:**  
1 pair Seamed  
NYLONS  
2 pairs Seamed Art  
Silk

**FOR BOX**  
plus 6d. post  
& packing.

**10/6**

Sizes: 8, 9, 9½, 10 and a limited  
quantity of 10½.

**ALL PERFECT GOODS**  
**PONDS of ANDOVER LTD.**  
Dept. T.B. 34  
70-81, HIGH STREET, ANDOVER, Hants.

**SPRING DRESSES**  
**25/-** POST & PKG.  
**1/- EXTRA**

The style illustrated is in  
satin rayon with generously  
cut skirt—obtainable with  
either buttoned down front  
or buttoned to waist. Both  
styles have tie belt. Sizes  
W and W.X. (Q.S. 3-8½)

An alternative design  
is available with Durable  
Wool. Size W.  
(Q.S. 3-8½)

Good: sent C.O.D. 2d. ex.  
Satisfaction guaranteed or  
money refunded.

**THE LINDSEY**  
COY.  
(LEICESTER)  
57, Kings Chambers, 3  
Belvoir St., LEICESTER

Fully Illustrated Catalogue of Dresses  
supplied post free.

**MANUFACTURE NOW PROHIBITED**  
**BUY NOW!** While  
Stocks Last.

**WIRE PEA GUARDS**

Protect young shoots from birds, dogs, cats,  
rabbits, etc. Fine wire mesh (1in. diamond)  
firmly connected to strong, rustless 3/32in.  
wire frame with pointed  
supports to grip the soil. Lasts  
years, in short supply. Cash  
with order.

**17/6**  
DOZ.  
POST PAID

Length 36" x 12" wide when  
flat.

Send for FREE GARDENING CATALOGUE.  
**STOCKPORT DISTRIBUTING CO. (M.O.) Ltd.**  
916, Reynolds Mill, Stockport

**PLAY VIOLIN**  
**BRILLIANTLY**

Send for  
**FREE**  
Handbook

A glorious hobby and  
chance to earn good  
money in spare time.  
Learn WITHOUT DRUDGERY. Private  
individual instruction by correspondence.  
Amazing new simplified method of In-  
struction. Pupils TUNED AHEAD. Orchestral  
Classical or Dance playing. If no violin,  
we will supply one on favourable terms.  
**WRITE FOR FREE PUBLISHED** 40-42  
operatic writers delighted pupil. Write  
stating if advanced, moderate or beginner,  
to The Principal.

**THE INSTITUTE OF MODERN**  
**INSTRUMENTAL METHODS**  
(Dept. T.I.), Kensington Hall Gardens,  
London, W. 14

**Bargains**  
**BY POST**

A TOUR OF THE SHOPS  
— WITHOUT LEAVING  
YOUR HOME

**MAKE SPARE TIME PROFITABLE**  
**THE BOLSTER WATCH & CLOCK REPAIR**  
**OUTFIT**

Overhaul clocks and  
watches with profes-  
sional's instruments.  
Includes illustrated  
Amateur's In-  
structional Booklet,  
watchmaker's magni-  
fying eyeglasses, finest  
watch tweezers, watchmaker's screwdrivers,  
watch and clock oils, clock brush, fine oil  
and dusting powder.  
In attractive caseholder. Post Free **12/9**  
Senior Outfit includes in addition: Watch  
jewels (assorted), lubrication compounds, oil  
renewer, Jeweller's tongue. **21/-**

For speedier service. Enquire  
specimen attached 4/- extra.

**BOLSTER INSTRUMENT CO. (Dept. T)**  
5a STATION PARADE, ASHFORD, MIDD.

**MANUFACTURERS**  
**FOOTBALL**  
**BARGAIN SALE**

Genuine 35/- Ball, Real English Leather

**22/6** Full size  
**20/-** Boys' size  
**17/6** Jar size

Complete with bladder and laces.  
CASH WITH ORDER POST FREE  
C.O.D. (pay postman), 1/6 extra.

Buy now from actual makers.  
Send 6d. stamp for Sports Catalogue.

**TRIUNE PRODUCTS CO.**  
200a, Manchester Road, Bradford, Yorks.

**THE BEST**  
**ORLORO 9d.**  
**BLEND THE PERFECT SMOKE AT**  
**17s THE FLAVOUR THAT COUNTS**

Thousands of satisfied  
smokers regularly smoke  
ORLORO BLEND. 17s  
THE FLAVOUR THAT COUNTS.

**STANDARD BLEND**, for pipes and cigar-  
ettes. B: Tobacco-flavoured, 4 ozs. 3/-;  
5 ozs. 3/6; per lb. 10/6.  
**DE LUXE BLEND**, for pipes. C: Tobacco-  
flavoured. D: Rum-flavoured. E: Cigar-  
ette mixture, tobacco-flavoured. 4 ozs. 4/-;  
5 ozs. 7/6; per lb. 14/-.  
**NABACA CIGARETTES**. Pure, mellow,  
and satisfying. 50, 3/6; 100, 6/6;  
250, 20/-.  
Postage 4d. extra on 4 ozs. or 50 cigarettes;  
6d. 8 ozs. or 100 cigarettes; 1lb. and 500  
cigarettes, post free.

**ORLORO LTD. (T.B./24)**  
19, London Road, Redhill, Surrey

Buy direct from  
makers. Strong—  
attractive — Dur-  
able. 1½", 2" or 3"  
mesh. Heights from  
3' to 6'. Complete  
with line wires. Im-  
mediate delivery ex  
stock. Write to  
address below for  
details:

**PEERFLEX**  
*Aluminium Alloy*  
**CHAIN LINK FENCING**

Dept. T.B. Peerflex Fence & Products Ltd.  
Harfield, Uxbridge, Middlesex.

Girls' and Women's  
**FRENCH NEEDLE POINT**  
**VELVET CORD SLACKS**

Man Tailored. Zip fastening,  
curved, Royal Blue, Navy  
Blue, Grey, Nut Brown,  
Dark Brown, Blue/Grey &  
Dark Green, Stone, Red.

20", 22", 24", 26", 28" waist. 49" Post 1/-.  
20", 22", 24", 26" waist. 55" Post 1/-.  
Sizes other than those listed can be made  
to measure. 65/- Post 1/- post.  
State inside leg measurement.  
Please state 2nd and 3rd choices of colour  
to facilitate immediate dispatch.  
Prices are rising rapidly and the offer  
can only be made because of a per  
purchase these goods at this price are  
unrepeatable.

**ROBERT GARSTON LTD.**  
(Dept. T.B.103)  
215, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

**ACCORDEONS**

FROM  
**3/-**  
WEEKLY

Send Stamp for General List. Illustr.  
32 page De-Luxe Catalogue, Price 1/-  
MOUTH ORGANS Post Free 1/-  
Britain's Largest Accordion  
Suppliers

**JENNINGS**  
**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS LTD.**  
119, BARTON ROAD, BARTON, KENT  
Tele. No. 1. Green. Daily 9.30-5.30









# The Racing Service for YOU **FRED GILBERT** DAILY CREDIT SERVICE

Thousands of backers throughout the country who use this Service appreciate the convenience of a **DAILY CREDIT** account for **DAILY SETTLEMENTS** which does away with the necessity of sending the stake in advance with the bet.

- **WINNINGS ARE DESPATCHED DAILY.**
- **ALL STATIONERY IS PROVIDED—ALL POSTAGE PAID.**
- **ACCOUNTS ARE OPENED BY RETURN OF POST.**

NO REFERENCES REQUIRED.

**WE ACCEPT ALL TYPES OF COMMISSIONS INCLUDING:**  
FIRST AND SECOND FAVOURITES TO WIN AT S.P.  
EACH-WAY Doubles, Trebles and Accumulators.  
S.P. or TOTE

ANTE-POST BETS—SINGLE OR DOUBLES—WIN OR EACH WAY—ON EVENTS  
FOR WHICH LISTS OF PRICES ARE SENT PERIODICALLY, INCLUDING:

The **GRAND NATIONAL**, the **CLASSICS**, and **ALL IMPORTANT HANDICAPS.**

**NO LIMIT TERMS. MINIMUM STAKE: 1/-**

**WEEKLY ACCOUNTS** for Commissions by LETTER, TELEPHONE or TELEGRAM—are opened on approved references.

Full details of the Service you require will be sent to you on receipt of this coupon.

NOTE: We cannot accept Bets sent with this application.

Dept. 117, 15 BELGRAVE GATE, LEICESTER—I wish to open a **DAILY CREDIT** Account. I am over 21 years of age

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



## £160,000 for £100

Backer misses fortune but still wins  
**£2,900 on 'Losing' bet**

A fortnight before the Cesarewitch, a Chesterfield client of William Hill's invested £100 on a Double: ABOVE BOARD, 40-1 for the Cesarewitch and STORMY PETREL, 40-1 for the Cambridge-shire—£100,000 to £100.

After ABOVE BOARD won (Starting Price 18-1, Tote Price 11-1) he took advantage of the hedging facilities which Hill's provide for all their clients and laid back to them £100,000 to £3,000 (33-1) against STORMY PETREL winning the Cambridgeshire.

KELLING won; STORMY PETREL was not in the first dozen.

Hundreds of Hill winners have used this kind of coupon. Fill this one in NOW.



To **WILLIAM HILL LTD., HILL HOUSE, LONDON, W.1**  
Please send me details of a Hill Credit Account (Horse-racing, Greyhounds and Football).

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

T.203 Weekly Credit Required £



"TIT-BITS" CROSSWORD NO. 500 RESULT  
TEN BOOK TOKENS

Miss E. Bessy, Ogden, Newbury, Rochdale; F. H. Brown, S. South Cliff, Roker, Sunderland; Mrs. L. Fearnley, 4, Sunderland Rd., Heaton, Bradford; Miss G. Gallant, 14, St. Andrews Ave., Ashton-on-Ribble, Preston; J. Barrett, 12, Lincenall St., Lisburn, N. Ireland; Mrs. H. M. Lee, 68, Coppythorn Rd., North End, Portsmouth; H. A. Morey, 92, Baxter Ave. Southend; M. T. Munro, 30, Kennedy Drive, Dunmurry, N.Y.; E. P. Kelly, 23, Parkview Rd., N., Wiltlington, Manchester; F. Sparrin, 25, Inverwick Rd., Hornsey, N.E.



## Saving by Cycling?

... then increase your saving by cycling on the tyres that last longer and mean safer, smoother riding—DUNLOP. The right tyres for your roadster machine are Dunlop Roadster, Dunlop Cambridge, Dunlop Champion.

Save still more by riding

# DUNLOP

5071/234



It costs you only a penny stamp to get the New Littlewoods Spring and Summer Catalogue. Using this wonderful Catalogue as your "shop window" you are all ready to start a "Home-Shopping" Club and make extra cash in your spare time! Thousands are doing it—so can you! In addition, you'll make lots of new friends and have a new interest in life. Decide now to start your Club. Send for Free Catalogue today!

**POST THIS COUPON NOW!**

Please send me the Littlewoods Catalogue and full details for Club Organisers. I am over 21.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (BLOCK LETTERS)  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

Dept. TB/37  
Post in unsealed envelope, 1d. stamp.  
**Littlewood** HOME SHOPPING CLUBS  
LITTLEWOODS MAIL ORDER STORES LIMITED - CROSBY - LIVERPOOL 23





FROM EXPERIENCE COMES FAITH ...



Investors in Football Pools are legion and experience has brought faith in the Members of the Pool Promoters' Association. Look for their famous Shield on everything connected with Football Pools.

**LITTLEWOODS**

LIVERPOOL

**MURPHY'S**

EDINBURGH

**COPE'S**

LONDON, E.C.4

**WESTERN**

NEWPORT

**VERNONS**

LIVERPOOL

**STRANGS**

EDINBURGH

**I.T.P.**

LONDON, W.1

**JERVIS**

LONDON, E.C.4



By sending today for this amazing Free book which enables you to reduce your stake outlay and increase your chances of winning. This Free book contains 25 Simple ready to enter tables and is the greatest aid to BIG DIVIDENDS for SMALL STAKES, allowing a far greater number of matches to be covered in less time and less cost.

Send for your Free copy NOW.

**WESTERN**

POOLS LTD., NEWPORT, MON.

Please send me YOUR BOOK and FREE supply of Coupons

MR.  
MRS.  
MISS

ADDRESS

TOWN

CTY

T.

# TIT-BITS CROSSWORD

Try your hand at the puzzle below, and send your entry to TIT-BITS Crossword No. 511, Competition Department, Tower House, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.2 (Comp.). BOOK TOKENS WILL BE AWARDED AS PRIZES for the first ten correct solutions checked. No entries will be checked until after the closing date, TUESDAY, March 27th.

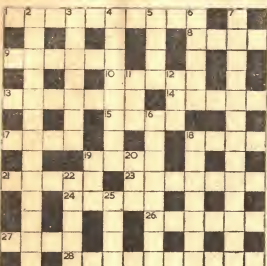
By C. S.

## CLUES ACROSS

- Deceptive che or fish (3-7).
- Unusual. 9. I get so selfish! 10. His end was nasty. 13. Cold bird hashed. 14. Farewell to France! 15. Let a fake lose water. 17. Increases. 18. Windy advertisement. 19. West-end archer. 21. Just a drop either way! 23. Roe Perkin. 24. Takes only a small part. 26. To resemble perhaps. 27. Heavenly bear. 28. Reach an agreement.

## CLUES DOWN

- These men are trained on the right lines! (6-7).
- He rises, but she succeeds! 4. Shop-keeper whom a Mink cat might patronize! 5. Operatic prince. 6. This baby is musical. 7. Short time to make a cocktail! (5-6).
11. Airman in 7. 12. Material for sailors' hearts. 16. A rubber's remedy for shock! 18. Plastic. 19. The bird in the museum. 20. Poem in the modern style. 22. Had a hairy son. 25. About a wave.



I agree to abide by the Editor's decision.

Name .....

Address .....

511

There is no doubt that it's easier to win a fortune on **SHERMANS**

**WORLD'S LARGEST TREBLE CHANCE 7 SELECTIONS ONLY**

**WORLD'S LARGEST**

**WORLD'S LARGEST 11 POINTS POOL 13 MATCHES ONLY**

**1st RESULTS POOL 12 MATCHES ONLY**

Please send me FREE coupons and Winning Plans. I am over 21. TB.24.3

MR.  
MRS.  
MISS

ADDRESS

TOWN

CTY

**SHERMANS POOLS LTD. CARDIFF**

**CHANGE NOW TO SHERMANS AND WIN!**

(Solution to Crossword 508 on page 21)

# THE CRY GOES UP: SACK THE MANAGERS

By IVOR BROADIS  
(Sunderland)

**F**EW footballers play under assumed names. I am one—though the deception is slight and was forced on me. My name is not Ivor Broadis.

I was christened Ivan, and was always known as such until I signed amateur forms for Tottenham Hotspur during the war. I can only suppose my writing was so bad that someone misread my signature!

Apart from the mix-up in names, there is another oddity about my soccer career. I am the only player in the Football League who has managed another League club. Moreover, while I was still the youngest League club manager I threw up the job to concentrate on playing.

## Both Sides of the Fence

As a result, I am in a unique position in knowing both sides of the soccer fence. Most of the present managers are ex-players, and it is because they know players' difficulties that conditions have improved for the men whose job it is to entertain the crowds on Saturday afternoons.

For myself, having sampled both sides, I shall be perfectly happy to remain as "just a player" for as long as I have the necessary skill, speed and stamina to last out a match. It's hard work, and worrying enough, to keep in training and maintain form—but the player is mainly concerned only with fitness. The manager has eleven men to think about, plus reserves, replacements, tactics,

and the hundred-and-one technical items that keep him busy through the week.

Added to this is the fact that many managers are little more than figureheads. Nobody outside the parties concerned knows the contents of a manager's contract with his club. It is highly probable that the directors will make the major decisions, but if, as often happens, something goes wrong it is the manager who gets the criticism—and sometimes the boot! At the same time the cry from the public goes up: "Sack the managers."

As far as the public are concerned there is "no such animal" as a good manager, or a bad one, for the simple reason that the public do not know how much control, or how little, he has. The only people who are in a position to judge are his directors and players. To my mind, the only sound way to judge a manager is by the way he treats his players.

## In the Boardroom

A good man will know how to get the best out of his team on the field, irrespective of what may happen in the boardroom. But it must not be assumed that a team doing badly has a poor manager, or vice versa.

Of course, I knew none of these deeper aspects of professional football when I began playing. I was too young to appreciate them, for my father, a very keen player, who had been centre-half for Millwall in their amateur days, took his

offspring in hand when they were very young. My brother followed him as a centre-half and played for Hampstead; I had a spell with Millwall and might have signed as professional for them long ago but for an odd error.

I had joined them after signing on as an amateur with Tottenham—and then I was discovered that I was still on Spurs' books. Millwall were fined two guineas, and when the season was finished Spurs claimed me back. As a point for the record, I was in the Tottenham team before joining the R.A.F. at eighteen.

But the playing memory of those early days that stands out is concerned with Millwall, not Spurs. It was my first match at the Den, and I was inexperienced and awkward.

My particular opponent suffered rather badly that afternoon, for somehow, in jumping for the ball, I knocked him over. He took it well. But the climax came when, facing my own goal, I was running backwards watching the flight of the ball when I hit him again, putting him down pretty heavily.

## After the Whistle

After that, I thought it prudent to move across to the other side of the field. When the final whistle blew my "victim" came over to me and said: "This is your first game, isn't it?" When I agreed, he retorted grimly: "Well, make sure it isn't your last!"

But I'm still in the game—and so, incidentally, is he.

"Many managers are little more than figureheads," says Ivor Broadis. "It is highly probable that the directors will make the major decisions."

And so back to Tottenham, the war, and, after it, my first job in football, player-manager at Carlisle United, at the tender age of twenty-three.

On the whole, I enjoyed the experience immensely. There were worries, of course, and I had my first realization of what heroes the Third Division North managers are. Most of their clubs have to exist on pithead rates. They have to husband their resources and live on a day-to-day basis; and the managers, lacking the facilities of First Division clubs, have to do the hard graft and find players themselves.

But we were fairly prosperous at Carlisle. Gates rose to an average of 10,000, we cleared our baggage over the top and built up a good side that took the club from the wilderness to being a power in the First Division. I am still there with Bill Shankly in charge—remember their Cup battles with Arsenal this season?

## I "Sold" Myself

Then one day I realized that a number of other clubs were interested in signing on the Carlisle manager as a player. When a transfer deal is negotiated the rule is for the player's club to give prospective purchasers permission to approach him. Obviously, I could not do that, so the fantastic position arose whereby the Carlisle board gave various clubs permission to approach me as a player and later told me, as manager, how negotiations were progressing.

Normally, of course, a player knows nothing of what goes on in the boardroom, and the strangeness of the situation was heightened by the fact that the purchasers were having to refer to me as "Broadis the player" one minute and as "Mr. Broadis the manager" the next.

Eventually the Carlisle directors left it to me to decide between two clubs, irrespective of the fee each had offered. As it happened, both were around £15,000, and I chose Sunderland. I don't regret the change back to "ordinary player" status. I have at least the distinction of being the only player who has "sold himself" for £15,000 clear profit to his club.

I thought this was going to be our Cup year at Sunderland, but we slipped up in the sixth round replay at Wolverhampton. Next year, perhaps, or the next?

